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JASMINE.

BY P. SPENSER.

Jasmine, who, when the skies are bright,
Hath little scent,
But in the storm and in the night
Is redolent
With sweets her bosom in the light
Gather'd content,—
Paints thee, my gentle One, whose hours,
When life was glee,
Were spent in fost'ring those sweet powers
Wherewith, through thee,
In this my time of gloom and showers,
Heaven comforts me.

A Terrible Repentance

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "ON HER WEDDING-MORN," "BETWEEN TWO SINS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

THE last rays of the setting sun were falling over Jesmond Dene as I drew near; a golden light lingered on the distant sea, on the pine-wood, on the rushing river, on the green pastures and the picturesque pile of buildings which I had learned to love so well. No warning of coming tempest came to me, no shadow lay on the lovely Dene; no presentiment of coming evil possessed me. But there at the great entrance door, looking pale and anxious, stood my aunt Annette.

She held out her hands to me as I ascended the flight of marble steps.

"Welcome home, my dear!" she said; but there was a strange ring in her voice, and a troubled look was on her face. "You look tired, Felicia," she continued; "you must have a glass of wine. Come in here with me."

Somewhat to my surprise, she led the way into one of the small drawing-rooms that we seldom used, and stood in silence while I drank the wine.

"There is a little surprise for you, Felicia," she began, in a trembling voice. "Mr. Benson is here."

Mr. Benson was the family solicitor, and had for many years been intrusted with the management of the Jesmond affairs. Sir William had the most implicit faith in him. "Benson says so!" was affirmation strong enough for anything. Benson had advised him with all his investments; Benson had drawn up the will which made me, in consequence of Paul's death, heiress of Jesmond Dene; Benson had brought us down to the Dene, and had remained with us a whole week, instructing me in my new duties, and teaching me much of which I had previously been quite ignorant. It was he who had approved all my plans for building, and who had told me that I could not spend Sir William's hoarded thousands in a better fashion.

I felt no alarm at hearing that he had come, even though it was suddenly and without notice. I was much more troubled about aunt Annette, for she seemed so unlike herself.

"He came soon after you had gone to Dunroon," she went on nervously. "He wanted me to send for you, but I thought you should have one more happy day."

"Mr. Benson would never make me unhappy," I laughed. "He is always the bearer of good news to me."

She looked at me wistfully.

"Mr. Benson desires a long talk with you on business-matters," she explained. "You had better defer it until after dinner."

"I will do that with pleasure," I answered, little imagining the nature of the business.

Had I been less engrossed in my own love-story, I should have known from Mr. Benson's nervous hesitating manner that something of more than usual importance was amiss. While I was talking to the grave old lawyer, while I was dining with him, I was in fancy looking into my absent lover's face and listening to the notes of the nightingales.

"Can you spare an hour this evening," inquired Mr. Benson; "or shall I defer my business until the morning?"

It appeared to me that he was not unwilling to defer it. I had never seen him so unlike himself—confused, hesitating, glancing at me strangely, beginning a speech, then ending abruptly.

I said to him at last—

"You are not well, Mr. Benson."

"No, I am in great distress," he answered.

"In distress?" It was such a strange confession for him to make. "In distress?" I repeated. "You are not ill, I hope? You have not met with any misfortune?"

"I am not ill, and the misfortune that depresses me is not mine," he said.

"Not yours?" I exclaimed; and his grave manner gave an additional significance to his words.

"The fact is," he continued, looking at me, "I have, for the first time in my professional life, made a terrible mistake."

I could only repeat the words, "A terrible mistake!"

"It is not often that lawyers do that," he said. "They are generally very cautious. I fear that in this particular business I have been neither. A lawyer," he continued, "above all men, should well consider every step he takes. In this one case I did not."

He was talking to a girl whose soul vibrated to the music of the nightingales and the sound of her lover's voice; and even those words, portentous as they were did not startle her.

"Yet," he continued, "I cannot see how I could have helped it, or how I am to blame, though blame must lie somewhere."

"It does not lie with you, I feel sure," I said, with a faint attempt at consolation, and as a proof of my confidence in his legal acuteness.

"The worst of it," he continued, "is that the mistake I have made affects you."

"Then," I said, "it can easily be remedied." For, in my ignorance, I did not think there could be any mistake made which would seriously affect me.

"I am afraid," he went on, disregarding my interposition, "it will be a terrible blow to you. You seem so happy here."

"I am very happy here—indeed it would be impossible for any one to be happier," I replied.

"You remember the terms of Sir William's will, Miss Gordon?" he continued.

I answered that I remembered them.

"The whole estate descended to his son Paul. The title is hereditary, the estate is not. If Paul married and had children, it went to them. If he died unmarried, it became yours."

"Yes; and it is mine, thank Heaven!" I said.

"So I thought. Heaven knows I thought so," he answered; "but, Miss Gordon, it appears that Paul was married. He has left a widow and an only son."

The lawyer's words fell like poisoned arrows on my heart. Paul had left a widow and an only son! That meant that I was no longer mistress of Jesmond Dene—that the splendid inheritance I had planned to do so much good with had slipped from my grasp.

There was silence between us for some time—a silence fraught with unutterable horror to me. Mr. Benson broke it at last.

"I blame myself," he said. "I ought to have made inquiries, and have been satisfied beyond the possibility of doubt that Paul Jesmond had not married; I ought to have ascertained that before helping to place you in possession. I am afraid it is a terrible blow to you," he added.

"Yes, it is," I replied—"so great a blow that I cannot at present realize it. It has stunned me."

"It stunned me," said Mr. Benson. "I was for many hours quite unable to comprehend the result of this deplorable blunder. Now I see plainly enough what I ought to have done. I should have written to India for further information before you were formally installed as mistress of Jesmond Dene."

"It would have been better," I said mechanically. "You are quite sure that there is no mistake now?" I added.

"No, everything is too well authenticated for that. There is no mistake this time. I—I cannot tell you how grieved I am—how I blame myself; there had never been any word of Paul's marriage, he had not mentioned it, and it seems to have been but little known, even among his friends in the army. You bear the blow well, Miss Gordon."

Nevertheless, bravely as I bore this crushing reverse of fortune, it was a terrible blow to me. For a time it had banished the cherished memory of my lover's face. But slowly it began to return, and I took heart once more. The first thought that presented itself clearly to my mind was this—that, if he loved me, change of fortune would not affect him; and whilst I possessed his love nothing on earth could affect me. By degrees hope seemed to come back to my heart, the color to my face, clear thought to my brain. Then I realized that I was no longer mistress of Jesmond Dene, and that I must give way to my cousin's little son.

I confess, between smiles and tears, that the very words "My cousin's little son" softened and warmed my heart to the child as nothing else could have done, and robbed the blow of half its bitter sting. My cousin's little son—the son of the bright-faced handsome lad who had been so kind to me in my girlhood, who had kissed me, and had promised to marry me when he had seen the world! He had married some one else, and I must give way to his child, the rightful heir to Jesmond Dene. Still my heart warmed to him, for my dead cousin's sake.

"As you will remember," continued Mr. Benson, "there was no cordiality between father and son. Sir William liked to save money; Paul enjoyed spending it. The father's miserly ways made home hateful to the son. They quarrelled fiercely before they parted, and I should imagine, from the tone of the letters that passed between them, that they were never on friendly terms again. Sir William refused him an allowance for some time, so deeply rooted was his anger. He afterwards relented; but by that the young fellow's heart was hardened. I know that Sir William wrote to him several times on the subject of marriage, urging him to take great care not to be so foolish as to fall in love—that he must not marry until he returned to England, and then he was to marry a wealthy woman. Money was to be his first consideration. Sir William told me all about these letters. He added also that he had never received an answer to them. That accounts," remarked Mr. Benson, "for the young fellow's silence about his marriage. There is no doubt he believed implicitly that, if his father knew of it, he would disinherit him and leave him penniless, for he married much beneath him, his wife having no dowry except a beautiful face."

"Who was she?" I asked.

"Her name was Gabrielle Fairfax," he replied, "and she was living in the family of Major Esmond as governess to his children—a very unusual thing in India; but the Esmond children were strong and healthy, and their parents did not care to part with them. She was a most beautiful and a very good girl, Colonel Brownlow tells me, clever and accomplished, belonging to a respectable English family. She had, of course, no fortune, and no prospect of ever possessing any. Paul Jesmond fell in love with and married her. No one knew of the marriage, except Major Esmond and his wife. Paul dared not let it be known, lest his father should hear of it. He never spoke of it even to his most intimate friends; but he told Major Esmond that when he returned to England he should take his wife straight to Jesmond Dene, and trust to her lovely face to win him his father's forgiveness. Miss Gordon, I can hear in fancy his cheery young voice saying, 'When my father sees her, he will relent.' He was always sanguine, poor Paul!"

I knew that—my bright-faced handsome cousin! Mr. Benson went on—

"He rented a pretty little house on the Nellgherry Hills for his wife, and they lived very happily for two years, no one guessing his secret. A son was born there; and Paul Jesmond, who knew the importance of that son's birth, took the precaution of having it properly registered, and of keeping a copy of the registration. The child was christened by the resident chaplain, who, in his turn, faithfully kept the promise of secrecy that he had given. Paul took yet another precaution, which, for one so habitually careless as himself, seems to me somewhat remarkable. He gathered together the needful papers—his certificate of marriage and the certificate of his son's birth—and placed them together, with a long letter to his father, telling him all the story of his marriage, and begging, if anything happened to him, that he would be kind to his wife and child.

"'Let little Guy succeed me,' he wrote. 'Do not visit the offences of the father on the son. However faulty I may have been, do not disinherit my boy. My marriage may displease you, but you will forgive me when you see my wife's face. And she is as good as she is beautiful. I love her with all my heart. There comes to me, father, at times a presentiment that I shall die young. If I do, be kind to my wife and child. Let my wife have the honor that falls to the widowed ladies of Jesmond Dene, and let my son succeed to the estate. I am your only son; you will not refuse my prayer. I am writing this, so that, should anything happen to me, my wife may bring it in her hands to you, and you, in your turn, will do justice to her.'

So runs the letter, Miss Gordon."

By that time my eyes were full of tears, and I had begun to forget my own troubles, and to think only of the handsome bright-faced lad who had loved me when I was a child, and of his own little son.

"It appears," continued Mr. Benson, "that Paul fell ill very suddenly with one of those terribly malignant fevers so common in the East. He had been appointed to some slight military command where he would be detained three months. The name of the place to which he was sent, and where he died, was Fairabad. As a matter of course, he bade farewell to his wife, she knowing that the separation would be for three months; and during

that time, not having expected to hear from him, she was not anxious about him. His comrade on the fatal expedition was Captain Archie Hartigan, who was by his side when he died. It seems that on the day before his death, while some little consciousness still remained, Paul placed a small package in Captain Hartigan's hands, with these words, 'Find out my wife, and give her this to take to my father.' Captain Hartigan intended to fulfil the commission at the earliest moment; but, even before his friend was laid to rest, he himself was stricken down with the same fever, and lay for some time hovering between life and death. Other officers were sent to Faizabab, and for many weeks the package left by Captain Jesmond was not delivered. The first thing that Captain Hartigan did, when restored to health, was to go to Colonel Brownlow and give him Paul's message—'Find out my wife, and give her this to take home to my father.' The Colonel declared that Captain Jesmond had never married. He made the fullest possible inquiries, but could obtain no confirmation of any such marriage. None of Paul's brother-officers knew anything of it. Major Esmond did not belong to the same regiment; and unfortunately just at that time he was away on military business, so that there was no one to throw any light upon the matter. But, when Major Esmond returned, and heard what had happened, he went at once to Colonel Brownlow, and told him the whole story. The Colonel was not very well pleased, and blamed Major Esmond for having connived at the secret marriage of a young officer. Then Captain Hartigan was sent to find the young wife, so soon widowed, and to communicate to her the intelligence of her husband's death. He found her with her infant son. She was beautiful as a dream, and good as she was fair. Her distress was terrible when she learnt the sad news, for it appears that she had dearly loved her husband. At first she refused to believe that he was dead; and then she declined to go home to England. She wanted to be left alone to die in peace where he had left her. It was represented to her how greatly such a course would injure the prospects of the boy, who on his grandfather's death would in all probability become Sir Guy Jesmond and master of Jesmond Dene. For the child's sake she consented to do what she would never have done for her own—return to England, and see her husband's father. She would not however accept any escort, though Colonel Brownlow would have placed her under the protection of an officer and his wife who were shortly returning to England. Mrs. Esmond implored her to take a maid; but she would not; she would travel alone, her only companion being her fatherless boy. Colonel Brownlow gave her the precious package, and she sailed from Calcutta in the Caspian Queen, and reached London safely."

"Reached London!" I exclaimed. "Then she is near—quite near?"

"Yes," replied the lawyer gravely. "The news of Sir William's death was not known in the regiment when she left, and Colonel Brownlow, understanding that I was the family solicitor, advised her to come straight to me. She did not do so, but allowed a fortnight to elapse, and then she came."

"Then you have seen her?" I cried.

"Yes," he answered, "I have seen her;" and the old lawyer was strangely silent after that.

"What about her?" I asked eagerly. "What do you think of her?"

"She is simply the most beautiful I have ever beheld," he replied.

"And good as beautiful?" I asked again.

"I could not judge; she was not with me very long—though long enough to convince me that her claims are valid and legal. She is Lady Jesmond, and her son is Sir Guy?"

"Heaven bless my cousin's little son, Sir Guy!" I managed to say, although my eyes were blinded with tears.

"I am glad, I am thankful that you bear it so well," said Mr. Benson. "I have never felt so anxious or so unhappy in my life as I have felt over this unfortunate business. But who would have thought Paul would marry entirely for beauty, and then hide his wife in the Neilgherry Hills? I don't know what would have been the result of this match if Sir William had lived."

"You say Paul married her entirely for her beauty; surely he must have loved her?"

"Yes, there is no doubt he did," he replied. Still there was a significant hesitation in his manner.

"You do not like her?" I said, divining, as I believed, his true thoughts. I put the question so suddenly that he had not time to think before he answered.

"No—indeed I do not," he replied, with an air of great relief. "But she will be here to-morrow, Miss Gordon. She would not come with me, but it was arranged that she should follow me."

CHAPTER VI.

UNTIL long after midnight aunt Annette, Mr. Benson, and I sat discussing this—to—me—momentous matter. One thing was certain—there was no deception, no flaw in the evidence, no informality in the marriage; everything was perfectly straightforward and strictly legal. Aunt Annette wanted me to dispute the claim—possession was nine points of the law, she contended. But Mr. Benson declared that it would be absolutely useless nay, he added gravely that it would be wrong to contest a claim so fully established. There was not the least doubt of any of the facts, and the case was as strong as it well could be. Indeed Mr. Benson, who was an upright man as well as a clever lawyer, pointed out that, even if there should be a slight flaw in any of the evidence, that would not alter the fact that Paul's son was entitled to succeed him. Womanlike, I was most curious to know why he did not like Lady Jesmond, but to this question he could give me no satisfactory answer. She was beautiful, graceful, well-bred.

"She gives me the idea of one who has been brought up in France" he said. "And, entre nous, Miss Gordon, I do not like French training."

Then came the question, what was to be done with me? What course ought I to pursue with regard to my future? Aunt Annette, who was vexed and angry at this untoward appearance of a claimant for my throne, declared that I should go back with her to the little house we had left but a few months before. But that had been let just as it stood, therefore we could not return to it for a time at least. Mr. Benson counselled us to wait.

"Wait until you see her, Miss Gordon, until you know what she intends to do. You have many undertakings on hand; she may desire to go on with some of them, and ask your co-operation. Be patient and wait."

When I retired to rest that night, sleep came not to my weary eyes, for my mind was full of the romance of this beautiful young widow who was coming to Jesmond Dene to reign in my stead. As a matter of course, I felt most bitterly and keenly the loss of this my princely inheritance. It was as much lost to me on the first evening when I heard the news as afterwards when others reigned there supreme. Crushing and keen was the ever-recurring thought that I was no longer "queen and mother" of my people; they were no longer my loyal and affectionate subjects. I thought of the half-built almshouse, of the hospital and schools, of the thousand and one plans I had conceived for the benefit of those living around me, and my heart ached at the thought that my dreams would not be realized. Still, if the goodness of her heart were in accord with her personal charms, the probabilities were that Lady Jesmond would be pleased with the work I had begun, and carry it on. What a dream of wealth and luxury, benevolence and happiness it had been to me! And now I must go back to the dreary seclusion that had been mine before.

But no! Now that love had dawned in my soul, the dreariness of my past life could never recur. I knew by instinct that Lady Saxon would love me none the less for my loss of fortune—that she would be superior to such sordid meanness as to allow her feelings towards me to change because I was no longer mistress of Jesmond Dene. And I was equally certain that Lord Saxon, than whom a more generous-hearted man never lived, would love me as hitherto. My heart found perfect rest in these pleasant thoughts.

Early on the following morning my aunt Annette fell ill, and Lady Saxon came over to see me. I looked full and straight into my old friend's kindly face while I told my story. If I had detected the slightest coldness towards me, the slightest shade of disappointment, I should have shrunk from her. But there was nothing but the most loving sympathy and motherly affection depicted on her countenance. She listened for some time in silent amazement; and then she spoke.

"Felicia," she said, "you shall share my home and my purse; you shall be my dear adopted daughter, and I will make you so happy that you shall not miss Jesmond Dene. I love you the better now that I see how bravely and how well you can bear such a disastrous stroke of misfortune. I wonder what this Lady Jesmond is like?"

"Beautiful as a dream, I am told," I answered.

"A worshipper of beauty, a dreamer of dreams." The words returned to me with vivid force. They were Lady Saxon's description of her son.

How kind and good she was to me at this trying period of my life! I ought to have even to have been grateful for the misfortune which brought to me such disinterested love. She would have been pleased and proud to carry me off there and then, but I was destined to remain for many a long day at Jesmond Dene. I knew little of the world, my experience being limited to the few acquaintances of my aunt and Lady Saxon's; but I knew enough to be sure that it was a marvellous thing to find one perfectly disinterested friend.

"I think," said Mr. Benson, "that it would be as well as to send a carriage to Honton station to meet Lady Jesmond. I do not know the hour at which she will arrive, but she said she should come to-day."

"She will doubtless feel nervous," I remarked, "and slightly uncomfortable. It is not a very pleasant position for her."

Mr. Benson looked at me with his eyes opened to their widest extent.

"I saw no sign of nervousness in her," he observed. "She seemed perfectly self-possessed and mistress of the situation."

The words jarred upon me.

"You must feel the position a painful one," he added kindly.

"But she is said to be as good as she is beautiful," I cried; "and good women are sensitive."

"Not all," he rejoined. "Many women have the most matter-of-fact natures; they are sensitive neither for themselves nor for others; yet they are good woman."

"I think sensitiveness a noble virtue," I remarked.

"It is hardly that," he replied. "It is rather a quality that directs many others. Lady Jesmond is not sensitive, I am sure," Mr. Benson went on. "She did not seem to think how this change would affect any one but herself. You will send the carriage for her, by-the-bye?"

I did send it, with orders that was to remain at the railway station and await all the London trains. I sent also for the doctor from Honton to see my aunt Annette. On his arrival he spoke rather gravely of her condition. I told him that she desired to go away from Jesmond Dene at once; but he said she would imperil her life if she were so rash. So perforce, whether we liked it or not, we must remain as guests within the walls of what had for a brief period been our own home.

"Forgive me, Miss Gordon," the doctor said before leaving; "but as I came along I heard a rumor which I venture most earnestly to hope is not true."

I knew at once that the story in some way or other had leaked out.

"You mean," I said slowly, "that we have had news from India, and that my cousin has left both a widow and a son?"

"That is what I heard. Is it true, Miss Gordon?" asked Doctor Bland.

"It is perfectly true," I replied. "We expect the young widow, Lady Jesmond, and her son here to-day."

"True? I did not believe it. There will be a revolution amongst the people, for you are greatly beloved here, Miss Gordon."

"Right is right," I answered; "and my cousin's little son is the heir to Jesmond Dene."

He said no more, but when he was gone I sought Mr. Benson and told him what had occurred, and that I thought it would be preferable to call all the servants together and tell them what had happened rather than that they should be left to hear it piecemeal from strangers. He quite agreed with me; and the whole household was gathered together in the servants' hall, where Mr. Benson told them the story of Paul's marriage and death, and announced that the widowed Lady Jesmond, with her little son Sir Guy, was coming that day to take possession. Mr. Benson told me, with tears in his eyes, that when he had finished his narration there was but one cry among the servants, and that was for Miss Gordon. They all loved Miss Gordon; they did not want to lose Miss Gordon.

"They are devotedly attached to you," he said; and my heart was comforted by the knowledge that I retained the affection of those about me.

Noon came, but still there was no sound of carriage-wheels. Then followed a long sultry afternoon, during which Mr. Benson, who was miserably anxious and nervous, dropped off to sleep.

That afternoon many callers came, for the news had spread throughout the district. I ought to have been, and I was, consoled by the many expressions of kindness and sympathy. No one seemed to think it strange that Paul had married, or that his widow should come home to claim his heritage. The general impression seemed to be that it was a thousand pities Sir William and his son had not been on better terms, when Captain Jesmond would have had no reason to conceal his marriage, and the unfortunate mistake would never have been made.

The long afternoon had passed, my visitors had all departed, and Mr. Benson had awakened from his slumbers; still there was no sound of the carriage-wheels to herald the approach of Lady Jesmond.

"I cannot stand much more of this kind of thing," said the lawyer. "I do not think I ever knew what suspense meant before."

"I have ordered dinner for seven," I said. And just as I uttered the words we heard the sound, so long and anxiously awaited, of carriage-wheels. "They are here!" I cried.

But no warning came to me of what was to follow in the wake of the home-coming of Lady Jesmond.

CHAPTER VII.

"SHALL you go to meet Lady Jesmond?" asked Mr. Benson.

"Yes," I replied; "she shall have a kindly welcome home."

I went out into the entrance-hall, and there I saw three figures. One was that of a tiny child crying with fatigue; the second was a tall elderly woman dressed in deep mourning, who seemed to be a nurse; and the third, a tall graceful lady dressed in deep black crape. This was the young widow, Lady Jesmond. I went to her with outstretched hands—for was she not Paul's widow?—but she did not or would not see them; for she merely gave me a cool little nod, and said—

"Are you Felicia Gordon?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Mr. Benson told me about you," she said. "Is he here? I am Lady Jesmond."

"Mr. Benson is here," I replied, "and has been anxiously expecting you."

"I hope," she said, "that we are in time for dinner; I am very hungry. It has been a tiresome journey."

I had had some faint idea of falling on her neck and bidding her welcome to the home that I was about to relinquish to her—some faint idea of telling her how I bade her welcome for Paul's sake; but the manner in which she met my advances checked my ardor. It was evident the lady felt no emotion on reaching the home of her husband's boyhood. She was hungry!

"Dinner is at seven," I answered; and she must have noticed the change in my voice, for she looked at me.

"Seven!" she repeated. "Why, it is only just six now!"

Then I turned from her, and Heaven knows, although he had deprived me of my inheritance, tears of honest affection filled my eyes when I saw Paul's little son. I should have known the child was Paul's, no matter where I had seen him, his face was so like his father's. He had the same dark laughing eyes, with a golden light in their depths, the same brows, the same dark curls.

"Why," I cried, "this child is the living image of dear Paul!"

Lady Jesmond turned to me quickly, and there was a strange inflection in her voice.

"Did you know Paul?" she asked.

"I knew him well when he was a boy," I answered. "I know him here at Jesmond Dene. I was his cousin."

"Yes, I know that—Mrs. Benson told me; but I was not aware that you knew him," she remarked. Then her voice softened a little as she said, "I shall like to talk to you about him."

When she uttered these words, the bright handsome face of my dead cousin rose before me, and seemed to ask pleadingly for kindness to his wife. She should receive it from me for the sake of the olden days.

I took the bonny little fellow into my arms and caressed him fondly. He ceased crying, and looked with piteous eyes into my face.

"Mamma," he cried, "mamma!"

"I am here, Guy," replied Lady Jesmond quickly. "Be a good boy, dear."

"He is tired," I said. "Shall I take him to the nursery we have prepared for him? It is the same his father had."

I saw her make a quick gesture to the

woman who stood near. She came forward instantly.

"I am the child's nurse," she said, and prepared to take him from me; but the little fellow resisted all her efforts and clasped his baby-arms tightly round my neck.

"Never mind, nurse," interposed Lady Jesmond. "If Miss Gordon likes to trouble herself with a tiresome child, let her; I am sure it is very kind of her. Guy must be good," she added, turning to the little fellow, who still clung eagerly to me.

The sound of her voice, sweet and musical as it was, did not seem to appease the child. Again in a piteous voice he cried—

"Mamma!"

"I am here," Lady Jesmond repeated. "You had better take him, nurse; he seems inclined to be cross. I have but little patience with crying children," she continued. Then, turning to me, she asked, "Have you?"

"Unfortunately for me, I have been but little with children," I said; "but I do not think my patience would fail."

"Shall I take Sir Guy now, and give him his bath, my lady?" asked the nurse. "Then I can come and help your ladyship to dress."

"See that you have all you want yourself, nurse. Ring for wine or tea, and see that you have every comfort," said Lady Jesmond, much to my astonishment.

I thought that speech showed decided consideration for others, and it pleased me.

The child continued to cry as he was carried off to the nursery, and the sound was strange in the old house, where children had not lived for so many years.

"He is very cross to-night," said Lady Jesmond. "I wish I could break him of the absurd habit he has of always crying for me."

"It is natural enough," I answered. "Children generally cry for their mothers."

"Things that are most natural are not always most pleasant," said Lady Jesmond decidedly.

And then I wondered whether she had any heart, whether she felt any emotion on coming to this her husband's home—where his boyish days had been spent.

"It must have been a trial," I said to her, "for you to come home without Paul."

"Yes—a great trial," she replied, but there was no note of regret or pain now. "I have brought no maid with me; perhaps I can have a little assistance from yours?"

"With pleasure," I replied.

During all this time she had stood with her traveling cloak, which was slightly edged with fur, even though it was summer, drawn tightly around her and her face ly veiled.

"I am afraid," I said, "that you feel cold."

"Cold!" she repeated, in a voice of wonder.

"Most people suffer much from cold when they first come from India," I remarked.

"Yes; I suffered greatly the first few days after my arrival in England. I did not attempt to leave the house for a fortnight, but postponed my visit to Mr. Benson until I felt a little seasoned. Now I will go to my room."

I did not ask her where she had been staying, or with whom. She was not the kind of person with whom I felt I could take such a liberty, however kind the intention might be.

My maid was summoned, and showed her ladyship to her room. I was left with conflicting sensations, and I seemed quite unable to form any idea of the character of my newly-found cousin. If any one had asked me whether I liked her, I could not have answered the question.

I hastened to give aunt Annette, who was anxiously awaiting me, an account of the interview. I could not tell her what I thought of Lady Jesmond, for I had no definitely-formed opinion upon the point. I told her all about the pretty child with his father's face, and the elderly nurse, and of Lady Jesmond's solicitude for her.

"That speaks well for her," said aunt Annette. "Good women are always thoughtful for their servants."

Why did those words haunt me—"good as she is beautiful?"

I did not go down-stairs until the dinner-bell rang; when I did so, I found Mr. Benson alone in the dining-room. Her ladyship had not yet come down.

"Well?" he cried eagerly, and waited for me to speak.

The next moment the rustling of silk and crape told us that Lady Jesmond was near.

I cannot describe what I felt when I beheld her ladyship's marvellous loveliness. I have never seen anything like it; it was perfect, surpassing loveliness; and with it was that subtle irresistible charm which men call fascination. As I gazed at her, Lady Saxon's words came back to me—"a worshipper of beauty, a dreamer of dreams."

Tall and slender, her figure was the very perfection of grace. She had such shapely shoulders as are rarely seen; and, lightly veiled by thin black crape, they shone white as alabaster through their gauzy covering. Her hands were delicate and white, and were adorned with many valuable rings; her arms were as though they had been sculptured.

She was a blonde of the purest type; even the hot sun of India had not marred the faultless delicacy of her complexion. Her eyes were blue, large, bright, and clear, full of fire, with a gleam of passion—eyes that could smile and flash, that could woo with all sweetness and "scorn with all fire"—eyes that startled by their unusual brightness and their depth of expression. The brows were dark and straight. Her mouth was perfect, with the most alluring of dimples, yet there was in the short upper lipper lip something that told of pride and scorn. From her crown of golden hair to her dainty little feet, she was simply a masterpiece of Nature's handiwork, without one blemish in her fair loveliness.

Even Mr. Benson's calm face flushed as he hastened to greet her with a low bow and extended hand.

"I am glad to see you looking so well, Lady Jesmond," he said.

She looked at him with a world of mischief in her eyes.

"You do not say 'Welcome to Lady Jesmond!'" she remarked playfully. "That is because Miss Gordon is here, and you think it would hardly be in good taste. You are right, but Miss Gordon and I are already very good friends."

Mr. Benson was quite at a loss how to reply to these candid utterances. It seemed to me that her beauty had robbed him of all power of speech. She then turned to me with an amused smile, and I could see that she was gratified by my look of admiration.

CHAPTER VIII.

LADY JESMOND went at once to the head of the table, taking her place there as though it had been her custom for years. She smiled and nodded familiarly at me as she took her seat, but made no remark. She talked gaily and brilliantly during dinner, and did not seem at all conscious of being in a strange position; nor did she appear to realize that her coming could have caused me any pain. She spoke without constraint, and evidently had nothing to conceal. She looked round the luxuriously-appointed dinner-table with undisguised satisfaction.

"It seems a strange turn of fate that has brought me here," she said, "and made me mistress of all this wealth pro tem."

"You can scarcely call it, 'pro tem.,'" said Mr. Benson. "Your son is a long way from his twenty-first birthday. How old is he now?"

"He will be two years old in September," she replied; "so that I shall be queen-regent for almost twenty years. I shall heartily enjoy my regency in this delightful spot."

I looked at Mr. Benson and beat me. The words struck me as exceedingly strange, for it is not often that one hears a young widow speak of the years she must pass without the society of her husband as enjoyable ones.

"Did my cousin Paul talk much about Jesmond Dene?" I asked her.

"Not very much," she replied.

"Did he seem angry with Sir William?" asked Mr. Benson.

"No, not angry—that is not the word," she answered quickly. "He was vexed at what he considered his meanness."

"It was strange that Captain Jesmond made no allusion to his marriage," remarked Mr. Benson.

Lady Jesmond laughed, giving her head a dainty little toss at the same time.

"I do not think so," she answered. "I had no fortune, and all Sir William's letters to his son on the subject of matrimony began and ended with the one piece of advice—he must marry some one with money. Unluckily I had none.

"You could not expect to monopolise all the good gifts of this world," said the lawyer politely.

She laughed; and truly her laugh was like a silvery chime.

"Paul said he should never write to Sir William about his marriage, but, when he could get leave of absence, he should bring me home. He had an idea that I was quite irresistible, and that Sir William had only to see me to love me," said Lady Jesmond, looking into the lawyer's face with an expression which fairly bewildered that good man. "What do you think, Mr. Benson? Would Sir William have liked me?" she asked ingenuously.

"I am afraid he liked nothing but gold," the lawyer answered.

She laughed merrily, disclosing as she did so her even pearly white teeth.

"I had no idea," she remarked presently, "that Jesmond Dene was so extensive, or that Sir William was so rich. "Paul spoke of him as a wealthy man; but I did not think he had such unbounded wealth."

"It is a pleasant surprise," said Mr. Benson.

"Very pleasant," replied Lady Jesmond, with a bright little laugh. "When one has suffered all one's life as I have for want of money, such a surprise is, I can assure you, fully appreciated."

I liked her better after these outspoken expressions. She was evidently not in the least ashamed of having been poor.

"More than half the world live in misery from want of money," she continued. "My parents were comparatively poor, and I had to leave home when I was quite a girl to earn my own living."

Mr. Benson ventured to suggest that early contact with the world helped to form and brace the character.

"If it be so, I have had a long experience," she said laughingly," "for I began to teach when I was very young,"

No, certainly she had no false pride. I had never heard any one speak more openly, and I liked her for it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EMINENT MEN WHO WERE SHOEMAKERS.—Sir Cloudesley Shovel, the noted English admiral.

Ebenezer Sibley, English physician and astrologer.

Robert Morrison, English missionary and Orientalist.

William Sturgeon, English electrician and inventor.

George Fox, English Founder of the Society of Friends.

Hans Sachs, German poet.

Jacob Bohme, German mystic.

James Woodhouse, English bookseller and minor poet.

John Patridge, English astrologer and almanac maker.

Robert Bloomfield, the well known English pastoral poet.

Anthony Purves, English linguist and Biblical translator.

William Carey, English Orientalist and Baptist missionary.

William Huntingdon, English Calvinistic Methodist preacher.

Samuel Bradburn, English Wesleyan Methodist preacher.

Henry Wilson, eighteenth Vice President of the United States.

Manoah Sibley, English Orientalist and Swedenborgian preacher.

Francesco Hrizal, Italian painter; Ludolf De Jong, Flemish painter.

Noah Webster, lexicographer, and John Greenleaf Whittier, poet.

John Pounds, English philanthropist and founder of ragged schools.

William Gifford, English journalist and critic, editor "Quaterly Review."

Roger Sherman, statesman, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

James Lockington, English bookseller, and author of "Autobiography and Confessions."

Among English and Scotch minor poets may be mentioned Joseph Blacket, David Service, John Foster, Gavin Wilson, John Struthers, John O'Neill, John Younger and Thomas Oliver.

THE QUEEN likes Viennese bread very much, and it is possible that an Aix-les-Bains baker will not find its production too difficult a task. Her Majesty's English baker makes curious and amusing little loaves out of his white dough, which are duly baked in curves; twists odd little mannikins and so forth for the edification of her Majesty's grandchildren when they visit her, and as an occasional treat this unphosphatic bread can do them no harm; and as the Queen herself has managed to preserve her healthy and muscular power for so many years probably she scarcely now regulates her diet hygienically. When the Empress Frederick stays with the Queen, rye bread, of which she is very fond, is always on the table.

"SHE is inconsolable for the loss of her husband, I believe?" "She is. Since his death she has had four offers of marriage and she refused them all but one."

Bric-a-Brac.

CHINESE AND DREAMS.—The Chinese have an elaborate system for the interpretation of dreams. To be whipped by a god or devil they regard as extremely unlucky, while to enter a temple, and see the gods moving about, is considered lucky. To dream of fighting with wandering ghosts means that one will live to an old age.

A DOZEN.—The child is taught that a dozen means twelve every time, but when the child grows into a man he finds that a dozen is a very elastic term. A baker's dozen is thirteen, and so is a publisher's or a news agent's in many parts of the world. In some sections a dozen of fish means twenty-six, and there are other anomalies of this kind.

QUEER FORMS OF BEAUTY.—An African beauty must have small eyes, thick lips, a large flat nose, and a skin beautifully black. In New Guinea the nose is perforated and a large piece of wood or bone inserted. On the north-west coast of America an incision more than two inches long is made in the lower lip and then filled with a wooden plug. In Guinea the lips are pierced with thorns, the head of the thorn being inside the mouth and the point resting on the chin.

NO TREES.—The Falkland Islands produce no trees, but they produce wood in a very remarkable shape. You will see scattered here and there singular blocks of what looks like weather-beaten, mossy gray stones of various sizes. But if you attempt to roll over one of these rounded boulders you will find yourself unable to accomplish it. In fact the stone is tied down to the ground—tied down by the roots; or, in other words, it is not a stone, but a block of living wood.

CATCHING BIRDS.—At Farmington, Me., the other day, a cat captured one of a flock of martins which had their nest in a little house provided by the owner of the feline, and was making off with the dainty morsel. Attracted by the piteous cries of the bird, its mates came to its rescue, alighted upon pussy's back and pecked, scratched and screamed so furiously that she was soon glad to drop her prey and escape indoors. Then the purple martins held a great rejoicing, noisily chattering over the salvation of their mate.

THE MOSQUITO.—A mosquito's bill is an elaborate contrivance, and consists of two sharp claws and a lance enclosed in a sheath, which is also employed as a pump. The saws are bony, but flexible and the teeth are near the end which is pointed. The lance is perhaps the most perfect instrument known in the world of minute things. It is first thrust into the flesh and the opening is enlarged by the saws, which play beside it until the sheath can be inserted. The sawing is what causes irritation when a mosquito is biting.

CATCHING RABBITS.—Here is the latest hunting story as related by a correspondent: "That reminds me of the way they catch rabbits in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. The hunter goes out just at dusk and builds a large fire at the edge of a cedar swamp, then retires. The rabbits seeing the light are attracted in large numbers. Finding the fire warm and agreeable they sit around until the fire burns out. The snow, being warmed and melted, freezes rapidly, and very soon the rabbits find themselves frozen fast. In the morning the hunter comes armed with a club and knocks them on the head."

THE FIRST MAP OF THE WORLD.—"Among the relics appertaining to the discovery of America brought out in connection with the Columbian celebration," said the Spanish Consul at this port, recently, "is the first geographical chart of America, which is preserved in Spain. The chart is in the possession of the Naval Museum of Madrid, and is said to be the original autograph of the navigator Juan de la Cosa, a pilot of renowned reputation in his time, and of whom Columbus had a very high opinion. The chart or map is signed in the Puerto de Santa Maria, in the year 1500, but Juan de la Cosa, who accompanied Columbus as pilot or sailing master on his first and second voyages, was at work on it during the voyage with Alfonso de Ojeda in 1499. It is said to be the best of all ancient universe maps in its correctness and extent of its newly-discovered territories, and has the reputation of being the first mapa mundi extant, showing as known in 1500, the whole of Europe and Africa, a great portion of Asia and the America just then discovered. It was executed with great precision, and is luxuriant in gold and coloring."

MY DARLING.

BY W. W. LORD.

Through eyes of tender tinted gray,
Love's radiance shines about my way;
Upon her white and queenly brow
Love's coronet falls softly now.

Upon her cheek the glint of rose
Its tinted tracery doth disclose;
Upon her lips the poppy's red
Shows where the god of love has fed.

Her form shows such voluptuous curve,
Where all the willing graces serve;
Love's virtue in her heart enshrined,
Is hallowed by her spotless mind.

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," "HUSHED UP," "OWEN DALE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.

THE whole affair barely occupied a fortnight. The little hamlet, with its handful of fisherfolk and their families plunged into sudden grief at the loss of their kindly pastor; the rustic funeral, when one and all c'ustered round the open flower-decked grave to see the last of the good-hearted parson, and a dozen rough and kindly hands were stretched out to comfort poor Miss Cecily, broken-heartedly sobbing, with her head on her old nurse's shoulder.

Then the impossibility Lance found it to say "good-bye," and desert, in her sorrow and utter friendlessness, the innocent girl whose heart he had won in the sunny days gone by; the fatal indecision that kept him lingering at Trescar day after day, although he knew the only safety for Cecily and himself, cruel as it seemed, lay in departure; the casting of all his prudent resolutions to the winds at the mere sight of Cecily carrying a wreath of white flowers, hardly more colorless than her own face, poor child, to lay upon her father's new-made grave; the ease with which he convinced her that their easiest and most feasible plan was to marry in secret at once. Finally, the hurried wedding in the early morning of a hot August day, when the old clergyman from a distant parish, forced to minister to the spiritual needs of the Trescar folk until a fresh incumbent could be appointed to the suddenly vacated living, rode over the hills and through the leafy lanes on his rough Exmoor pony to make Lancelot Tresham and Cecily Hardinge man and wife.

Almost before Captain Tresham had realized the responsibilities he had taken upon himself—he who had passed the whole thirty years of his idle useless life hitherto in evading everything but the pleasures of the moment—he was speeding up to London in a reserved first-class carriage, with his week-old wife, her slim figure half smothered in the heavy folds of crape that adorned her clumsy country-made mourning, opposite to him.

Captain Tresham had received a letter from Sir Geoffrey asking what he meant by wasting his time in trying to catch trout down in Devonshire when he was wanted at the Park to organise a shooting-party.

The situation was indeed full of complications, and time did little to mend them. In the first place, any idea of pursuing a straightforward course with regard to his hasty and imprudent marriage was tabooed by Lancelot at once and for ever.

In spite of the risk that some day or other the fact must leak out, he was resolute in his efforts to put off the evil moment as long as possible.

To some men the perpetual deception, the endless fencing with the truth, the evasions, stratagems, and subterfuges to which from time to time he was compelled to have recourse in order to preserve his secret would have become by degrees too harassing for endurance; but the dread of facing anything disagreeable was such an inherent defect in Tresham's character as to amount to a species of moral cowardice; while his happy-go-lucky Micawber-like temperament, always confident that something advantageous would sooner or later turn up, fostered the failing and induced him to persevere in trying to keep his crowning act of folly hidden until his uncle's death and his own succession to the Tresham title and estates rendered further concealment unnecessary.

At first Cecily was quite willing it should be so. Her ignorance of the world and its ways when Lancelot married her quite blinded her to the disadvantages of the position she occupied as his unacknowledged wife, while her naturally generous and unselfish disposition shrank from demanding any further sacrifice where so much had been risked for her sake already.

She was ready, even eager, to acquiesce when her husband demonstrated to her how necessary it was that he should not for the present alter his bachelor life in any way so as to excite suspicion, and that he must continue ostensibly to reside at his old quarters in a fashionable West-end street, only paying his wife visits by stealth, when he was supposed by his servant and the owner of his lodgings to be out of town.

The choice of so queer and out-of-the-way a locality as Hackney for Mrs. Tresham's place of residence was her own, induced by the fact that an old governess of hers had left Trescar to settle there as music mistress and organist to a small congregational chapel; and Cecily, ignorant as a baby of fashionable and unfashionable situations in town, declared that, if she must live in London, she would prefer Hackney to any other part, for the sake of being near old Jack, as she rather irreverently styled her quondam instructress, Miss Mary Ann Jackman, with whom she had always kept up a correspondence.

Lance was nothing loath. Truth to tell, a wife at Hackney ran as little risk of discovery as though he had left one in the wilds of Africa as far as his own fashionable friends and acquaintances were concerned, and there was something repugnant to him in the idea of placing Cecily in any of the dingy purlieus of St. John's Wood, or other "shady" retreats sacred to actresses and artists.

So Hackney was promptly decided on, and Mrs. Tresham spent the first year of her married life there in furnished lodgings, migrating afterwards to Mulberry Cottage, where she contrived to make herself happy enough, always buoyed up by the hope that the concealment was not for long; that her husband only waited a favorable opportunity of breaking the fact of his marriage to his uncle; that each of his enforced visits to the Park was the last he would pay alone and under false colors, so to speak.

And even when, by slow stages, the truth dawned upon her—when she learned at last to recognize under all his winning exterior the selfish vacillating character of the man she had married, Cecily remained still constant to her idol, hiding its clay feet under a whole heap of fond womanish excuses, and refusing to acknowledge their very existence.

The little household at the cottage had to pinch and screw very hard in order that Captain Tresham might still retain his bachelor rooms, his expensive club, and indulge in a score of minor extravagances. His wife never replned. Although she was cut off from all society, and even places of public amusement were denied her—for Lance had too much respect for her to take her with him to any questionable resort, and the risk of his own appearance at any recognized place of entertainment with so fair and innocent-looking a creature hanging on his arm was too great to be thought of for an instant—she never fretted or moped or teased him with complaints.

It was only after the birth of the baby—that all-important and to its father and mother highly-perplexing individual—that revolt against existing circumstances found a place in Cecily's loyal trusting heart.

For herself she cared little, but Tots—the mighty, the absorbing Tots—in whose tiny red dab of a face and china-blue eyes his mother declared she could trace a resemblance to Lance an hour after he was born—Tots must sooner or later enjoy his own, and for her child's sake Cecily Tresham first began to resent and grow weary of her false position, and even to form wild impracticable plans of extricating herself from the web of falsehood and deceit which her husband's want of straightforwardness had gradually woven around her.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Simcox's select registry office for servants was situated at the end of Little George street, just where that narrow and somewhat dingy thoroughfare joined its larger and more important neighbor Upper George street, leading out of Dorset Square. There was nothing particularly attractive to passers-by in the score or more of small houses that composed the street, nor in the dust-begrimed windows of the ornamental hair-worker, the cheap carver and gilder, the glove-cleaner, and the surgical-instrument maker who plied their various trades in the locality. Nevertheless, in season and out of season, carriages, four-wheelers, hansoms, and broughams were no strangers to its narrow pavements, while sometimes even a coroneted barouche, brave with powdered footman and coachman, dashed up and stood with its champing clanking horses for ten minutes or more before Mrs. Simcox's modest front door.

She herself had spent twenty years of her life perched, summer and winter, on her high office stool from ten to four every day, opening and answering letters, pocketing fees, referring to and writing in the ledgers, transacting, in short, alone and unaided, all the petty, wearisome, and often perplexing business of an old-established and well-known registry office, applied to, as she was proud always to inform people, from all parts of the United Kingdom.

Nature had fitted Mrs. Simcox admirably for the post in life Providence had assigned her. She had a drab-colored unsuggestive face; pale, glassy, wholly expressionless eyes; a straight uncommunicative mouth, which opened and shut with a mechanical motion, highly suggestive of a spring.

She was a woman who knew when to hold her peace; who received silently, from morning till night, the confidence of servants respecting the errors of their employers, the grievances of mistresses regarding their servants—which were always being thrust upon her—with the same unruffled calm. A humble disciple of the great Talleyrand, although it was hardly probable she had ever heard of him, she rarely hazarded an opinion, and never one that honestly embodied her own thoughts; she received every description of confidence and offered none.

She wore a sympathizingly shocked expression of countenance when Lady Sevenstars whispered to her that she must get rid of her nursery governess—"Between ourselves, you know, Mrs. Simcox, the girl is too flighty; my husband thinks she is not a good companion for the children, and we have so many men about," etcetera—as though she had not already received a written communication headed "private" from the said governess, complaining of Lord Sevenstars's unwelcome attentions to herself and begging Mrs. Simcox to procure her another situation.

She was as ready to deplore the fondness for ardent spirits that led Mrs. Mountain Dewe's professed cook to seek a temporary resting-place beneath the kitchen table, and the terrible temper that disqualified Miss Hurry Cane's clever maid for her office, with their respective employers, as if it were not an open secret that Mrs. Dewe's own weakness for pick-me-ups at unwonted hours had led to a separation between herself and the General, and that Miss Hurry Cane never kept a maid a month without slapping her face and then dismissing her for impertinence.

It was a raw foggy morning. November, as yet only a few hours old, had come in clad in clinging garb of fog and drizzle. The vapor had penetrated right through the double doors that shut off Mrs. Simcox's office from communication with the street, and hung in a choking cloud in the narrow passage, necessitating the lighting of the solitary gas-jet overhead.

The office itself was a dingy little room, with the walls distempered in drab color, as being most impervious to a London atmosphere, and adorned at intervals with extracts from Scripture in the shape of small texts highly colored, framed in narrow ribbon, and hung near the ceiling. The floor was covered with a brown-and-yellow linoleum—nothing else would stand the ceaseless stream of visitors that poured in and out of that small room every day between the hours of ten and four. Two Windsor chairs waxed and rubbed to the highest degree of slipperiness; a large one, misnamed easy, with shiny cushions of American cloth, and a hideous monstrosity of red and green wools, called an antimacassar, on its back; a high office-desk, with a rail in front of it and innumerable drawers and pigeon-holes down each side; these—with a small horsehair sofa designated by Mrs. Simcox a couch, a gasolier with two jets, and a staggering little table in the one window covered with a white knitted square and supporting three geranium stumps, their pots concealed by a horrible invention of perforated card and glass beads—comprised the whole of the furniture belonging to the office.

Opposite to the window was a door, the upper portion of which was filled in with frosted glass, on which the word "Waiting-Room" was painted in fat black letters. This door led into a small dark apartment, looking out upon an adjacent water-butt, where servants meeting their employers by appointment at the office were penned up by Mrs. Simcox till the time for their interview arrived, and where, from twelve to two o'clock, any girl seeking a situation and possessed of a good reference were allowed to wait on the chance of obtaining an engagement.

On this foggy morning, Mrs. Simcox sat at her desk, busily opening and reading the voluminous correspondence that had been brought to her by the ten o'clock post. A leaning towards gay colors in her apparel was one of her few weaknesses, and she wore a merino dress of brilliant purple, a lace collar startling in its whiteness, a gold watch-chain, and a large cameo brooch.

Her hair, arranged carefully in a fashion from which she had never deviated since the days of her youth, hung in thin limp ringlets on either side of her sleek whity-brown face. Her eyes, round, light, prominent, and protected by glasses, were bent earnestly on their task of deciphering the contents of the various letters addressed to her. She was short-sighted to the verge of blindness, and was forced to bend her head so close to the papers before her, in order to discover their import, as to give one more the impression of smelling out the meaning of her various despatches than of reading them.

"Lady Goddard again!" she remarked half aloud, as she broke the seal of the first envelope on the pile; like many other people spending a good deal of time alone, she had fallen into the habit of talking to herself. "I wonder what she wants now. Let me see—'most unfortunate—dismiss at a minute's notice—absent without leave ten minutes later than allowed—hat with yellow roses contrary to express orders,' et-ceteras. H'm, yes. Well, I'm not surprised. I knew that hat would do it; I told Stubbs so, but she would not listen to me. Cheap shops and the eleven-pence-three-farthings system—that's the ruin of half the servants in these days. Now I shall get that girl on the books directly without a character; she'll have to begin as general again. A pretty come-down after being housemaid to a title, and all because of wearing a thing like a stove-ornament on her head instead of a decent bonnet. I'll give her a piece of my mind when she comes here next, depend upon it. Who's this? 'Mrs. Skinner Flynte wishes to know if Mrs. Simcox can recommend her a good cook.' Yes, I dare say. One that asks no wages and can send up a dinner for a party of fourteen out of nothing. She might just as well have put in that, because it's what she expects, I know. It's no good. People must pay for what they want in this world, and then be thankful if they get it! That makes the third cook I've sent Mrs. Flynte in four months. She's——"

Ring, ting-ting-ting. The noisy jingle of a bell sounding in the passage here broke the thread of Mrs. Simcox's discourse, but she hardly raised her eyes from her letters as the office-door opened and a tall showy-looking girl, in a tight-fitting light jacket, an exuberant improver and an almost invisible bonnet, perched on the top of a mass of light hair, walked in and approached the desk, merely remarking—"What, you here, Harriet? I thought you were at Brighton," in a voice slightly indicative of surprise, as she folded Mrs. Skinner Flynte's epistle and returned it to its envelope.

The new-comer gave vent to a little half-embarrassed laugh as she looked at herself in the small glass over the mantelpiece.

"Oh, well so we were—at least I was! They're there still," she replied, with a would-be indifferent air. "The best of friends must part, you know, Mrs. Simcox, sometimes, and Brighton breezes did not seem to agree with my constitution, so I gave my lady notice, and here I am. Didn't you get my post-card saying I had seen your advertisement for a lady secretary and meant to call this morning and ask about it?"—in an aggrieved tone.

"I did," replied the mistress of the registry-office, as she deliberately made an entry in the ledger beside her and carefully smoothed the blotting-paper over it; "and I should recommend you to convince yourself that advertisement is spelt with one 'd' only, as a rule. I hesitated a good deal, as you are aware, before I consented to place you on my books even as a nursery governess, owing to your want of education; but, if you think I am going to send you out as amanuensis or secretary to a literary gentleman, you are vastly mistaken, I can assure you. It is a difficult post for any one to fill satisfactorily. In the first place, a good reference is indispensable," she added, fixing her

cold light eyes upon her visitor's high-colored face.

"Bouchier's a beast!" ejaculated Miss Harriet, with a startling irrelevance, in answer to this remark. "I was only outside just on the pavement chattering to a friend, and that blessed new footman went and locked me out, pretending he didn't know I was there. It was all a mistake, and she's a beast to tell when she promised she wouldn't!"—her voice commencing to tremble with an imminent prospect of tears. "I'll be even with her, though, if she does. I'll let out how she——"

Mrs. Simcox raised a bony forefinger to check the threatened outburst.

"You will do nothing of the kind, if you please," she said severely. "And, if you cannot speak civilly of your employers and use their proper titles in mentioning them, I will cross your name off my books at once. Lady Bouchier has certainly given me her version of your getting inadvertently locked out of the house"—not for worlds would Mrs. Simcox have divulged the unqualified abuse of her quondam nursery-governess with which her ladyship had closely filled four pages and a half—"and, as you are aware stories sometimes differ in the telling. As for recommending you as private secretary to Sir Geoffrey Tresham, I should not think of doing such a thing. You are totally unfit for the position."

"I don't see why. I can write well enough, and, as for spelling—well, there's always the dictionary," remarked Miss Harriet, shaking out her skirts defiantly. "If you won't speak for me, I've a good mind to write to the old man myself—he is old, I suppose—and offer my services. It will save me your fee, you see, Mrs. Simcox, if he takes me!"—breaking into an impudent laugh. "And I do believe you're trying to keep the place for some pet of your own, and don't want any one else to get it. Oh, my!"—with an abrupt change of tone as the little maid-of-all-work suddenly opened the sitting-room door and ushered in a fresh arrival. "Who can this be?"—in a louder whisper. "Hospital nurse or city missionary, I suppose. My stars, what a bonnet!"

The new-comer, whose appearance elicited these comments from the somewhat free-and-easy lips of Lady Bouchier's late nursery-governess, was a slight young woman of middle height, attired with severe simplicity in a small close-shaped black bonnet, tied under her chin with narrow strings of black colored ribbon, a plain closely-fitting ulster of dark gray cloth, and black kid gloves. A veil of black Brussels net, plainly hemmed, fell over, but did not conceal her face, which was very pale, and rendered more noticeably so by the remarkable blackness of the hair, which, sable as the raven's wing, was parted mathematically straight in the middle of the low forehead and banded plainly on either cheek in the fashion of a period long gone by.

"I came," she began, addressing Mrs. Simcox timidly, in a soft tone that formed an agreeable contrast to Harriet Simpson's resonant high-pitched voice, "I was recommended to apply here for a situation as companion or daily reader to a lady or invalid gentleman. I am quite qualified to undertake the place of governess, but, having met with an accident"—she walked with a slight limp—"I am not able to take as much exercise as would be necessary for the care of children, and therefore a quieter occupation, such as reader or writer, would suit me better. I suppose"—drawing out a worn little purse rather shyly and approaching Mrs. Simcox's official-looking desk—"there is a fee to pay for entering my name on the book? I can give you a good reference, if you require it."

"We never book a stranger without one," responded the presiding deity of the registry-office, surveying her new applicant from head to foot with a stony stare. "Half-a-crown is the charge for entering you as governess or companion, and another two shillings when you're suited. You pay higher than servants, you see. Your name, please?"—dropping the proffered coin into the padlocked tin box with a slit in the lid, screwed securely to the side of the desk, and dipping the pen into the ink.

"Caroline Hayward," was the low reply.

"Address?"

The new-comer hesitated slightly; and Mrs. Simcox—a match for any professional thief or impostor in the United Kingdom, in her own opinion—paused in an uncompromising way with her pen suspended over the paper.

"3, St. Margaret's Terrace, Hackney," said Miss Hayward at length. "The lady who lives there is my reference," she added, after another momentary pause, "She is a music mistress and the organist to a Congregational Chapel close by; her name is Jackson, and has known me for years."

"Hackney? H'm—organist to a Congregational Chapel. Not much of a reference, I must say! Nothing like being a member of the Established Church if you are in any profession. It sounds better," remarked Mrs. Simcox, as she transferred the particulars offered by her client to her office-book. "Usual qualifications, I suppose—English, French, German?"

"Yes, and a little Latin and Greek," put in Miss Hayward rather eagerly. "I was well educated by my uncle, who was a scholar; I used to copy manuscripts for him a great deal. Such a post as a librarian or secretary would suit me very well if you happened to have a situation vacant."

Her voice trembled slightly as she spoke plainly, it was of some moment to her to secure an engagement, if possible.

Mrs. Simcox coughed dubiously and rubbed her bony nose.

"Well, the truth is, I do happen to have an opening for something of the kind; indeed the gentleman was to call here about it this morning," she began cautiously; 'but, as a rule, I don't like recommending entire strangers to my more influential clients, particularly for positions of trust."

"Didn't I say she was trying to save the place for some pet of her own? I knew it!" interpolated Miss Harriet in a stage aside, of which the mistress of the office took no notice.

"You see in these days one cannot be too careful," she continued. "People are so plausible, and it is so difficult for even an experienced eye to gauge people at first sight."

The sound of wheels drawing up with a rattle before the street-door just then diverted Mrs. Simcox's attention from her visitor, otherwise even her short-sighted eyes must have been attracted by the crimson tide of color that dyed Miss Hayward's pale face at the last remark, leaving it however whiter than ever as the office-door was once more thrown open, and a stout eccentric-looking old gentleman, with long silvery hair, wearing a formidable soft felt hat rather wide at the brim, and further attired in a loose brown velveteen shooting-coat and a pair of shepherd's-plaid trousers, both of which had plainly seen long service, entered the room and dropped heavily into the easy-chair, which fairly rocked beneath his weight.

"Morning, ma'am!" he remarked affably to Mrs. Simcox, disposing of his hat by the simple process of lifting it up by the crown and dropping it upon the floor beside him, thereby revealing a massive forehead, a pair of extraordinarily bushy white eyebrows overhanging very light blue eyes, and a rosy well-featured face adorned with a shaggy gray beard that covered half his capacious chest. "I'm three minutes after time, I believe," he continued; "but I simply could not get out of my cab. The fact is, they ought to build conveyances for stout men. As soon as I have leisure, I mean to write to the "Times" about it. Nobody would expect me to get into a thin man's shirt or these things, you know"—with a humorous glance from Mrs. Simcox's face to his own check extremities; "and why should I be obliged to squeeze myself in and out of an aperture—I can't call it a door—that is hardly wide enough for a good-sized herring to pass through? It's infamous! Then the step. Ah, before I'm many months older I mean to take out a patent for a new cab-step! Simplest thing in the world. Bound to pay. At present the grand difficulty as regards egress and ingress to any vehicle is how not to break your leg, to say nothing of breaking your shins; but by my small contrivance——" He paused to take breath, while sketching out a diagram of his idea on the linoleum with his gold-headed cane; and Mrs. Simcox seized the opportunity to get in a word edgeways.

"Sir Geoffrey Tresham, I suppose, sir," she began cautiously. "I have inserted an advertisement in the "Morning Post" and also in the "Times according to your instructions; but I regret to say the class of person you are anxious to meet with is not to be found every day. If you could give me a little more time—say a week, for instance——"

"Not a day—not an hour, ma'am!" exclaimed Sir Geoffrey, emphasizing his words with a thump of his stick on the floor that made Mrs. Simcox start. "Not to be found indeed! Stuff and nonsense—stuff and nonsense! Why, there are thousands of young women advertising in the daily papers for something to employ their leisure time. Why can't I have one of them? 'A. B. is desirous of offering her services in exchange for a comfortable home. Nothing objected to, except peeling potatoes.' 'D. seeks an engagement as reader to an invalid gentleman. Mixes his grog hot and strong every night, and always puts his candle out with an extinguisher.' 'E. F.' Now what on earth was it about 'E. F.'? I know it struck me as being rather queer! 'E. F.——'"

"Excuse me, sir, but I have been laboring under a misapprehension, I fear," said Mrs. Simcox, in rather a lofty manner. Her sense of humor was only conspicuous by its absence, and, according to her preconceived ideas of what a baronet should be, Sir Geoffrey Tresham was lamentably deficient in dignity and good breeding. "From your letter, I understood that you required a lady of some education to assist you in revising a literary work which you are anxious to bring before the public as soon as possible, and——"

"Then you understand wrongly, ma'am," answered Sir Geoffrey sharply "I want no twopenny-ha'penny young women about me to do anything of the sort! What I do require is a respectable female who can write a legible hand, and sit on a stool all day long copying out my MS. as it stands, without introducing any of her own new-fangled notions into it; she can have the run of her teeth for a month, and twenty-five pounds at the end of it, provided the work is ready for the publishers by that time. Put that advertisement into the paper, Mrs. Simcox, and see if you don't get a score of applicants before the day is out. Dozens of women would jump at the offer. Jump? They'd come in crowds to get it, ma'am; so don't tell me you can't find any one to fill the situation."

Mrs. Simcox rubbed her large chilblainy hands, modestly shrouded in black worsted mittens, slowly one over the other, and smiled affably. Although her very soul revolted from Sir Geoffrey's style and mode of address, his sister, Miss Tresham, was one of the office's oldest patrons, and its mistress had the true British veneration for a title.

"Well, sir, of course, if that is all you need, it simplifies matters a good deal," she answered. "Indeed, I have already had two applications for the situation this morning; but your nephew, Captain Tresham, who called here yesterday, gave me to understand——"

"Good Heaven, he knows nothing about it! I was certain, after I'd told him to come, he'd make a muddle of the whole concern," exclaimed Sir Geoffrey, with great irritation. "Where are the women? When did they call? Why didn't you keep 'em here till I'd seen 'em? Hang it all, it seems to me you don't half attend to your business in this place; there must be gross mismanagement somewhere!"

"Excuse me, sir; these are the two ladies to whom I refer," rejoined Mrs. Simcox, with some asperity, and a majestic bend of her head towards Harriet Simpson and Miss Hayward, who had remained seated on the two Windsor chairs during this colloquy. "Miss Simpson I have known for some time; she has been a nursery-governess in two or three families of distinction, but I am doubtful as to her being able to fulfil the duties you require. Miss Hayward, this other young person, is a stranger to me, having called in and booked herself only this morning as—let me see—what was it?" And Mrs Simcox broke off suddenly and bent her short-sighted eyes so closely over the pages of her ledger that her nose actually touched the paper. "Oh, amanuensis or secretary! Good education, modern languages, Latin, Greek; brought up by an uncle, didn't you say, Miss Hayward? Something like what you need, is it not, Sir Geoffrey, should the young person's references prove satisfactory? I was just asking her a few questions when you came in."

"Ah—humph!" Sir Geoffrey commenced diligently fumbling in all his pockets, and, finally unearthing a pair of immense silver-rimmed spectacles, perched them astride on his nose and proceeded to indulge in a prolonged stare over them at the two young women before him.

"Ah—humph—no—you wouldn't do at all! I won't detain you any longer," he remarked at length coolly to Harriet Simpson. "I advertised for a secretary, not a figurante out of a third-class fashion-book! If you women only knew the monstrosities you make of yourselves with camels' humps on your backs and furze-bushes on your heads! Take off your bonnet," he exclaimed suddenly, turning to Caroline Hayward.

She complied without hesitation. The small neat black bonnet removed, a dark satin-smooth head was revealed, the hair plaited round and round in thick braids at the back; in front the hair was brought down in heavy bands on either side of the small pale face, leaving only the tips of the ears visible.

"Ay, that's something like! I say, ma'am, why don't you take a lesson and dress your hair in that style, instead of like—like a weasel looking out of a woodpile?" cried Sir Geoffrey to the mortified Miss Simpson, who bridled and tossed her head with a smile that was closely akin to tears. "Now this young woman looks as if she had a head on her shoulders instead of tow! What's your name, did you say—'Hayward?' Brought up by an uncle? An orphan, I suppose? Great mistake bringing up other people's children. I did it myself, but it doesn't answer. Accustomed to literary work—eh? Well, that sounds promising. By-the-by, what sort of a hand do you write? That reminds me——"

He dived once more into his pockets and brought to light an ordinary lead pencil, adorned at one end with what looked like a small extinguisher made in some bright metal.

"There's a handy little dodge for you," he continued. "Only just brought out, they tell me. Sixpence each. Bought three dozen of 'em on the way here. The Universal Point Protector. Fits my pencil, and you can't break the lead even if you sat upon it! I'll make you a present of this one if you like, Miss—— I'll be hanged if I can remember your name! You'd better write it down for me."

He handed the girl a Russian leather memorandum book, and watched her keenly from beneath his bushy overhanging brows, as she bent silently over a black page and inscribed a line on it.

"And your address; you must of course enter that as well as your name, Miss Hayward," interposed Mrs. Simcox blandly. "Sir Geoffrey will perhaps wish to communicate with you when he has applied for your recommendation; and——"

"Sir Geoffrey will do nothing of the kind, ma'am," said the old man, in a deliberate tone, as he gave a sharp comprehensive glance at the pencilled words in the book, which Miss Hayward handed timidly back to him. "He is quite satisfied already. Miss Hayward looks like a gentlewoman; she certainly writes like one. So long as she does the work I require faithfully and diligently, I have no desire to turn her family history inside out. If——"

"But, Sir Geoffrey, such a proceeding is unheard of!" exclaimed Mrs. Simcox, roused for once out of her ordinary unruffled calm. "The young person is an absolute stranger here; five minutes before you entered this room, her very name was unknown to me. If you allow Miss Hayward to assume the position of secretary in your house without making full inquiry into her antecedents, you must take all the responsibility; I wash my hands of the whole affair."

"You may wash them how you please, ma'am," rejoined her client, with great politeness of demeanor and a humorous twinkle in his blue eyes, as he rose from his seat. "Now, young woman, you and I must come to an understanding"—looking searchingly at Caroline Hayward. "You will come to Tresham Park next Tuesday by the train that leaves London Bridge at 2.30. A carriage will meet you at Brierly Station at half-past four. The engagement is for a month certain, with the option of my retaining your services longer should I require them. If you don't suit me, I reserve to myself the right of dismissing you at an hour's notice with such remuneration as I consider you deserve. Twenty-five pounds at the end of the month, if "Pre-historic Days" is ready for the publishers by that time, and not a farthing more if you spend a year over it! Does that frighten you?"

"No, sir." Miss Hayward's voice, though low, was quite firm. "I am not afraid of work, and I should like to be useful to you."

"That's right. Then we consider the affair settled. Always strike while the iron is hot; that's my motto. Good-morning, ma'am!"—and, before Mrs. Simcox had recovered herself sufficiently to make further protest, Sir Geoffrey had walked out of the office.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MUCILAGE.—A very convenient mucilage can be made out of onion juice by any one who wishes to use it. A good-sized Spanish onion, after being boiled a short time, will yield on being pressed quite a large quantity of very adhesive fluid. This is used quite extensively in various trades for pasting paper on to tin or zinc or even glass, and the tenacity with which it holds would surprise any one on making the first attempt. It is the cheapest and best mucilage for such purposes and answers just as well as many of the more costly and patent cements. Some of the cements sold by street fakirs at 10 cents a bottle consists of nothing but onion juice and water, and the bottle and cork cost a great deal more than the contents.

LOVE FOR AN HOUR.

Oh, love, let us love for an hour or two,
Let us kiss while the sun is bright,
Let us laugh and live while the sky is blue—
It will soon enough be night!

What matters to-morrow? To-day is fair;
All earth is as naught to a kiss;
Who heedeth dull sorrow, who cares for care?
Your lips are sufficient bliss.

Love, let us love! If to-morrow we die,
To-day let our love have its fill.
Come, drink Cupid's wine, till the dregs are dry,
And passion's a drouthy rill.

Yes, love, let us love ere the day is dead;
Let us kiss while the sun is bright;
While the skies are blue and your lips are red,
It will soon enough be night!

After the Honeymoon.

BY BERTHA.

IT WAS not to have been such a hurried marriage, though Mr. and Mrs. Derville had willingly consented to their daughter Lilith's engagement, for Rollo Manvers was an upright, energetic young fellow, in whom they had the fullest confidence. Nor did want of means present an obstacle, for, in dependent of an excellent salary at one of the large wholesale firms in the city, Rollo drew the rents of some property accumulated by his deceased father.

No, there could not be any objection to the betrothal of the young couple, nor even to their marriage, beyond the one declared to be insuperable by the mother of Lilith, i. e., her extreme youth, and now this was set aside by an event as sudden as it was unlooked for.

Mr. Derville was about to leave England.

Years since, his elder and only brother, to whom he was warmly attached, had emigrated to Australia. Not to the bush or the gold-diggings, but to a newly-founded city, where he opened a store. This store had grown with the city, and its owner often gave proofs of his prosperity, by the handsome presents that arrived in England for his brother's wife and children. But now Mr. Derville, the elder, had met with an accident that had lamentable results. Never again would he be able to take an active part in his business, and he prayed his brother to go to his assistance.

Amongst other inducements, one was offered that the anxious father of half a dozen sons, rapidly growing into manhood, could not afford to refuse.

There were openings for a couple of the youths in their uncle's counting-house, and he promised to charge himself with the future of the others. No such chances would ever fall in their way in England, and after a brief consultation with his wife, Mr. Derville called his family around him, and announced his intention of joining his brother, as soon as the necessary preparations could be made.

But Lilith—what was to be done with dismayed Lilith, who looked from her parents to her lover, with large tears rolling down her cheeks?

"Rollo could fetch her in a year or two!" Lilith's elder sister, Mildred, suggested.

But Rollo objected to so long a separation, and pressed his claims so earnestly, that at last Mrs. Derville consented to part with her daughter at once, and though at first Lilith hung about her mother's neck, and declared, with many sobs, that she could not leave her Rollo contrived to induce her to consent to stay behind with him.

All was now bustle and confusion, for Mr. Derville secured berths in a mail steamer that would sail in a fortnight, though his wife plaintively asked how everything that had to be done, could be crowded into so short a space of time?

But it had to be, and by dint of immense exertions, the outfit for the voyage was bought and packed, and the wedding-gift, a cheque for a hundred pounds, transmitted to Lilith by her Australian uncle, did wonders in providing her trousseau.

It had long been settled that the honeymoon should be spent in North Wales, with some of Rollo's relatives, who were prepared to welcome his bride cordially. The wedding rite was to be celebrated in London, on the eve of Mr. and Mrs. Derville's voyage.

The bride and bridegroom were to accompany them to Gravesend, and then start for Gloucester, which was to be their first resting-place, Rollo describing, with enthusiasm, the loveliness of the Welsh scenery amongst which the other portion of their holiday would be passed.

"But when you return to London, what will you do?" queried the bride's mother. "Not go into lodgings, I hope, and yet there is no time to look for a house for you.

"What is to be done?" she repeated, yet more anxiously. "Lilith is too inexperienced to be a match for house-agents, or to explore basements, find out whether the drainage is perfect, the neighborhood healthy, and the house in proper repair; whilst you, Rollo——"

"Am not much wiser than Lil, I admit it!" was the laughing reply. "But if our first venture is not satisfactory, cannot we try again? Judging by the advertising sheets of the newspapers, houses to let are plentiful."

"But you forget the expense and inconvenience of frequent removals; of taking up and refitting carpets and linoleum, altering blinds, and all that sort of thing. Besides, your furniture is not bought, and ours is not worth offering to you; indeed, the person who has taken this house off our hands, stipulated that the contents should be included in the bargain. You will come back to town houseless, homeless. Dear me! what is to be done about it?"

"I know; I have it!" cried Rollo, briskly. "My friend Gillett is connected with a firm of upholsterers, and he is very clever and tasteful; I remember his being of great use to Dynes when he married, and giving Forder valuable hints about his purchases. We have only to fix upon a snug little villa somewhere, and give Gillett "carte blanche" to furnish it for us while we are away. I am sure he will do it to our satisfaction, and be delighted with the job."

Mrs. Derville sighed and demurred. It was hard upon her to be deprived of the pleasure of selecting pretty things for her child's new home. However, there was no time for making other plans, and Mr. Gillett, a lively, red-haired, green-eyed little man, expressing himself quite flattered and most happy, the task was assigned to him with the prudent stipulation—made by Lilith's mother—that he was not to exceed the amount she had fixed upon as sufficient for his purposes.

Rollo and Lilith were to fix upon their future abode, but after wandering from Crouch End to Hampstead, and from there to Brondesbury and Kilburn one day, and visiting Norwood, Dulwich, Sydenham, and Camberwell another, without success, they agreed to leave that to Gillett also.

"I know where I should like to live," said Lilith, "in that pleasant part of Blankton Park nearest Notting Hill. There are trees enough planted along the roads to make it quite rural, and it is not flat and dreary like so many of the suburbs."

"Blankton Park it shall be if there's a house to be had," said the good-natured Gillett, making a note of it in his pocket-book. "I know an auctioneer in that quarter, and I have in my eye a terrace half way up the hill, of semi-detached villas; charming little places that would suit you to a T."

"Mr. Gillett is a perfect treasure!" Lilith exclaimed, warmly; and she repeated those words in yet more grateful accents, when, a week after her marriage, a letter from Rollo's friend followed her and her bridegroom to the shores of Lake Bala.

By this time she had wiped away the tears shed as she watched the ocean steamer bear away those who loved her, and left her, sorrowfully reminding herself that years might elapse before she saw their dear faces again.

"Gillett's the best-natured fellow I ever knew," cried Rollo, drawing his wife nearer that they might read the letter together. "Hallo! he's found us a house already! Number 12, Begonia Terrace, the last house in the row, and therefore the most eligible, because it commands a view over the lovely ornamental shrubberies of a celebrated florist. He is sure we shall be pleased with it. A bijou residence, dining, drawing, and breakfast rooms, small but pretty bay windows, well-built offices—hum—hum—and does Mrs. Manvers—how do you like the sound of your new name, Lil?—does Mrs. Manvers prefer rosewood to mahogany, and will she select over-mantels from drawings enclosed?"

Before this epistle was answered—for as yet business was pronounced a bore and put aside, while the happy pair wandered together down shady lanes, or climbed rocky heights, or rowed on the placid waters of the lake—Mr. Gillett favored them with another.

He had been lucky enough to discover that the gentleman occupying the house in Bergonia Terrace would like to sell its contents just as they stood, and for little more than half their value; his reason for so doing being the marriage of his sister and housekeeper. As he did not care to live alone, he proposed going into chambers. Then followed sundry details, concluding with an urgent entreaty to be authorised to clench bargain.

As Lilith was in a sweetly submissive mood, and her bridegroom's faith in his friend Gillett unlimited, the latter was thanked and praised, and the required authority despatched. They only heard from him once more during their sojourn in Wales, and this was merely to forward them a key of their dwelling at Blankton Park, the duplicate one having been handed over to the very respectable and highly recommended young woman now in charge. She had been engaged—subject to Mrs. Manvers' approval—to act as her kitchen factotum, and had promised to have the house in perfect order for their reception.

"We've had charming weather for our honeymoon, and your aunts are such dear old ladies, that I love them with all my heart," said the bride. "But still I begin to feel ashamed of the idle life I am leading here, and long to settle down at Begonia Terrace."

"I am afraid you'll find it awfully dull, my darling."

But Lilith declared, with a pretty air of importance, that she should be too busy to be dull; and that the delight of seeing him return every evening would compensate for his being absent all day and every day save Sunday.

So both bride and bridegroom bade adieu to Wales and their hospitable entertainers, in the best of spirits.

As they would not reach their own home till late on Saturday, Rollo's aunts insisted on packing an immense hamper with comestibles. Nothing would induce them to believe that such plump fowls, such cream and fresh butter as theirs, could be had in that horrid dirty London. Then a raised pie, a cold duck, and a dish of Mistress Martha's fruit tarts, would relieve Lilith of all trouble with regard to dinner on the following day, and the jars of preserves which were tucked into every available corner were certain to be useful to so young a housekeeper.

It was a tedious and dreary journey, for the weather—the month was September—had changed, and a collision between a couple of goods trains had blocked the line, occasioning a long wait at a small country station, and the loss of the express. The day closed before the lights of London greeted their eyes, and the rain was falling so heavily, that Lilith had to shriver under an umbrella while her husband went in search of a vehicle, every cab at the terminus being engaged.

Tired and hungry—the contents of their luncheon-basket long since exhausted—both the travellers exclaimed, joyfully, when the driver announced that the turning he had just taken was Begonia Terrace, and inquired to which house he was to take them.

"The last in the row," he was told; and thither cabby proceeded, Lilith springing out as soon as he stopped, and leaving her husband to assist him with the baggage, while she ran up the small fore court, expecting to see the door open as she approached, and a trim, smiling girl appear to welcome her new mistress.

But no one came; the house was in darkness; Lilith's impatient raps and peal at the bell received no response, and she repeated them in vain.

"The girl has gone out on some errand," suggested Rollo. "Perhaps had given us up as we are so late. Luckily we have the key Gillett sent us, so we need not wait for her return."

With some trouble the key was made to turn in the lock, and the luggage carried into the hall. Fortunately, too, the absent maid had left matches and a lamp on a bracket just inside the door, and further examination showed that there were the remains of a fire glimmering in the kitchen.

"It is as I said," Rollo observed, "and the girl will be back shortly. All we have to do is to settle with the cabman, find the coal-cellar, heap on the fuel, and make ourselves comfortable in the kitchen till she comes."

Lilith murmured a longing for a cup of tea, and as further search revealed a shelf, on which stood a tiny canister of the fragrant leaf and a paper of sugar, she was able to gratify her wish as soon as the kettle boiled.

The huge hamper was opened and an excellent meal made off some of its contents. How lucky it was that aunt Martha had squeezed in a home-baked loaf! The young couple enjoyed their first hour in their new abode; and their hunger appeased, Rollo proposed a tour of inspection in and about their new premises.

But his wife pleading her fatigue, begged him to postpone this till the morrow. She was falling asleep with weariness, and as the bridegroom was in a similar plight they agreed to go to bed at once.

But the girl—the absent servant—what was to be done about her?

Rollo looked at his watch, and decided that her returning at so late an hour was most improbable.

"It is nearly midnight, and the rain is still coming down in torrents. Depend upon it she has taken shelter with some friends, and expects that we have done the same, or else postponed our journey on account of the weather."

"I don't think she ought to have left the house while we were away," Lilith observed, pettishly; but she could not say more, for her eyes were closing, and the next thing she knew was that the morning sun was peeping between her curtains.

Rollo still lay buried in the profoundest of slumbers, so, without disturbing him, she dressed and went downstairs to make herself acquainted with her new home.

The house answered to Mr. Gillett's description in all points but one—the pleasant view over the florist's grounds. This was only commanded by a staircase window, the lower ones being confronted by the high blank wall at the rear of some of the florist's glass-houses.

To sit in either drawing or dining-room, staring at a blank wall, would be positively depressing, and Lilith's face wore a very grave aspect at the idea; nor was she altogether satisfied with Mr. Gillett's great bargain—the furniture of the villa. It was all good and in excellent condition, but horribly old-fashioned and clumsy. She did not want horse-hair chairs or heavy mahogany tables and sofas; and the looking-glasses, with their broad gilt frames, carefully protected with yellow gauze wire, were pronounced hideous.

Into one of the chambers she could not go, for the door was locked, but a peep through the keyhole gave Lilith a glimpse of a couple of large packing-cases.

"Our wedding presents are in those," she concluded. "Very thoughtful of Mr. Gillett to secure them from prying fingers. I dare say he will help us to get rid of such articles in his bargain as I dislike; he seems so very good-natured and obliging."

While Lilith was taking another dissatisfied survey of the blank wall on the other side of the road, a milkman came in sight, and catching a glimpse of a female figure, he hurried towards her. She went to the door, and while the milk was measured into the jug she had fetched from the kitchen, she questioned the man.

"Can you tell me where the servant has gone who had the charge of this house?"

The milkman was deaf, and only heard part of her query.

"Gone, hey? Ah! yes, said she should, yesterday morning; said she was tired of this dull hole, and should have a day in the country with her young man. Lively girl she is. Ha! ha! Always got something funny to say when she sees me."

"I am afraid she will be too lively for our quiet household," Lilith observed, when she repeated this to her husband at breakfast. "I hope I shall not have much trouble with my servants. Dear mother warned me to expect it."

"Trouble? No, why should you?" was the cheerful response. "You have only to win their hearts as you did mine, with your coaxing ways and your honeyed smiles, and they'll do anything possible or impossible for you."

"I shall have to lecture this one for her breach of trust," said Lilith, severely.

"Think of the temptation," pleaded Rollo. "A day in the country, and the society of Bill the butcher, or Bob the baker. No wonder it proved irresistible. Let her down gently, love, or threaten her with my wrath; you can depict me as a very tyrant, and tell her not to let it happen again if she values her life and her wages."

"A pretty sort of helpmate you are in a domestic difficulty," laughed Lilith. "No, there isn't any coffee; you must be content with tea, sir. Now you begin to feel your choler rise against the absentee, don't you? If we had acted on your wicked suggestion, and dropped aunt Martha's hamper at one of the stations, what should we have done to day? Starved, or begged a meal from some of our friends, eh?"

The morning proving intensely hot, as it will sometimes after a heavy rain, Rollo and his bride felt unequal to any greater exertion than strolling about the house, and commenting on its contents. They were unanimous in condemning them as quite

at variance with their ideas of the pretty and tasteful.

Gillett must have made the purchase with an eye to the useful not the ornamental. The carpets were of the best texture, but of those staring patterns rarely seen now, and the vases on the mantelpiece so gaudy that Lilith thrust them out of sight, declaring she would as lief have half a dozen Indian idols.

With a book and a siesta the afternoon passed rapidly away, and in the evening, locking their door behind them, the young couple walked to a church whose chiming bells invited them; but they lost their way on the homeward route, and wandered half round Blankton before they succeeded in finding it. However, they laughed at their misadventures, and slept the placid sleep of the weary and contented, and lo! the honeymoon was over, and Rollo must be in the city by ten of the o'clock.

"I don't at all like the idea of leaving you here alone," he said, at parting. "I shall make time to call on the Delmars, and ask your friend Belle to come and pass the day with you. Take care of yourself, darling, and if you should feel nervous telegraph for me, and I'll come directly."

Lilith assured him that she should be too busy unpacking, etc., to miss him very much, and did not repeat a morsel of information just gleaned from the milkman.

"Next door? Who lives next door, eh? Oh, that's been empty for these six or seven months—last people was named—dear, dear! what was their name? Didn't you see it in the paper? He used her so cruel that she took poison—killed herself—and house has been to let ever since."

"I shall dream of her," thought the sensitive Lilith, "and fancy I can hear her moaning, and her cruel husband illtreating her. However shall I muster courage to stay here alone in the dark evenings when Rollo happens to be detained in the city? A blank wall opposite, an empty house next door. I shall imagine all sorts of horrors, even if the servant is not as silly as myself. But how mother would chide me for giving way to such childish fancies. I must work hard and forget them. I wish that girl would come. Whatever excuses will she make for herself? I shall have to look dignified and talk to her seriously; it must not be with Belle Delmar standing by, for one of her roguish smiles would upset all my gravity."

Lilith had put on an apron and a mob cap, pinned back her sleeves, and made other preparations for a busy morning; but she was unsettled, and found herself watching at the window instead of opening her trunks, or altering the position of the half-dozen staring oleographs she had determined on banishing to the lumber-room.

At last, ashamed of her idleness, she toiled upstairs with the first of the despised pictures, and as she went was startled by a sound like the insertion of a key in the lock of the hall-door.

The holiday-making maiden at last!

Feeling that it would be undignified to hurry down, Lilith went first to her glass to see whether her aspect was sufficiently majestic; and then slowly, very slowly, returned to the lower story.

There were two females just walking into the drawing-room; two stout, elderly, over-dressed women, one of whom, lifting her hands, began to exclaim, crossly:

"There, Mehala!—there! you see it's just as I told you it would be! Everything at sixes-and-sevens! Rubbishing newspapers littering the tables, the easy-chairs pulled out of place, the blinds high enough to fade the carpet, and my best Nankin bowl brought out of the china-closet, and stuffed full of flowers! And I told you I should catch my lady out, if we came home a few hours before she expected us.

"There's the remains, too, of a cake on the side board. She's been having company; an audacious, presuming young baggage! She shall hear a bit of my mind, and notice to leave, before she's five minutes older."

Whisking round on her way to the kitchen, the scolding dame now beheld Lilith, standing on the bottom stair, paralyzed with amazement.

"And who may you be, young woman?" she demanded. "The sister, I suppose, of my beauty of a servant; the sister she asked leave to have here to keep her company. And dressed, you are, quite above your station. I tell you so at once, for there's no mincing matters about me. Respectable servants don't want rings on their fingers, nor gold brooches in their collars; and the sooner you take yourself off, the better I shall like it!"

"There is some strange mistake!" exclaimed Lilith. "Who are you, madam; and what do you want here?"

"Is this impudence, sheer impudence?" exclaimed the new comer. "Go and ask that sister of yours who I am, and then pack up and be off, the pair of you."

"But this is my house; my husband's house," Lilith told her, indignantly. "It is you who should go away. As for your servant, I have not seen her. I do not know her, or you."

"Your house?" repeated the angry lady. "Do you hear this, Mehala? She calls it her house. Didn't I buy it out and out, and pay for it with some of the money my poor dear husband, John Gregson, left me? Not my house! Haven't I the bills upstairs for the furniture, all paid and receipted? Did I ever leave it before last Friday three weeks, when, much against my will, I went with you to Bath for my rheumatics? Not my house, indeed! why, what next?"

"It may have been yours; but you, oh, wasn't it you let it to us, and sold us the furniture? At least, Mr. Gillett, my husband's friend, transacted the affair for us, and——"

"You needn't tell me a larrago of fibs!" interrupted Mrs. Gregson. "I don't know any Mr. Gillett; and, as to letting my house, why should I when I want it myself? or sell my furniture, and leave myself without? This is some conspiracy, Mehala; you go and fetch the police, and we'll have it seen into."

"But pray hear my explanation, entreated Lilith, now thoroughly frighted. "This is No. 12, Begonia Terrace, is it not?"

"No, it isn't; it's number twenty. Dr. Perriam lives at twelve," she was gravely told.

"But it's the last house in the row, and—and——"

"And here comes one of your fellow conspirators!" Mrs. Gregson exclaimed, pointing to a very smart damsel who tripped into the hall, defiantly returning the frowning looks of the ladies.

"Lor', mum; I thought I wasn't to expect you till the evening!" she cried, glibly. "I says to Mr. Giblet, the butcher, just this minute, says I, 'You wouldn't see me so early as this, only I must have a sweetbread for missus's supper. She'll be that done over with her journey, there's nothing else she'll fancy; and if you can't let me have one, I must go somewhere else for it, it I tramps all over Blankton.' That's what took me out so early, mum."

"Don't think to bamboozle me!" said Mrs. Gregson. "What's this insolent young woman doing here? Am I to be browbeaten and sworn out of my own Christian name by your beautiful sister?"

"She's no sister of mine!" the girl hastily declared. "I never see her before."

"Mr. Manvers and I have been in this house since Saturday evening," said Lilith. "We found it empty; we believed it to be the one taken for us by a friend."

"Say no more, you're only in league to confuse me!" Mrs. Gregson told her. "Fetch the police, Mehala! There's a trick in it, I daresay; when the house is searched, I shall find that all my valuables have been carried off. Yes, yes!" and with a wild shriek, she pointed to the empty mantelshelf.

"My precious vases that came from the other end of China, and is worth a mint of money, are gone—clean gone! I knew it! —I knew it! Thieves!—thieves! I've been robbed up hill and down dale!"

"Pray hear me," urged Lilith, as soon as she could make herself heard. "I do assure you——"

But Mrs. Gregson fought at her in a paroxysm of fury.

"I won't be assured! I'll give you in charge, and that deceitful wretch you call your sister as well; and I'll have the house searched. I daresay the rest of the gang are hiding under the beds—my beds. Why don't the police come?"

But now Lilith flew past her with a joyful scream, for a cab had driven to the door, from which Rollo alighted, followed by his friend Gillett.

While the former soothed his sobbing wife, the latter contrived to calm Mrs. Gregson, and induce her to listen to an explanation he begged to be allowed to make.

"It's been all my fault—mine entirely. You know me, my—my dear lady; at least, you know my uncles, Gillett Bro's. Here is their business card. I think they met you at dinner last November at Alderman Jonby's. And these are friends of mine, Mr. and Mrs. Manvers, for whom I have had the pleasure of selecting a house while they were on their honeymoon; not such a handsomely furnished one as this—your own taste, I presume? But I think they will be satisfied with what I have done, if they can forgive me the foolish blunder that brought them here."

"I don't understand at all," said Mrs. Gregson, but half propitiated.

"Of course you don't, and I'm afraid you'll not forgive me, if my friends do. You see, the address I sent them should have been No. 12, Begonia Grove, and I was stupid enough to put Terrace instead. Had your servant been at home when they arrived, the mistake would have been cleared up at once. As it was, I waited at the Grove till I came to the conclusion that Mr. and Mrs. Manvers were delayed by the weather; and they remained here, little thinking that they were intruders.

"My dear Mrs. Gregson, you might have knocked me down with a feather when Manvers ran against me in St. Paul's Churchyard, this morning, and said he and his wife had been at Blankton Park since Saturday night.

"I should get rid of that servant, if I were in your place; but first let me go through your rooms with you, and help you to ascertain that nothing has been meddled with."

"It's very kind of you to make the offer," Mrs. Gregson replied, now melted into good humor by Mr. Gillett's address. "Before going to Bath I took the precaution to send my best plate to a banker's, and locked up in the spare chamber all my most valuable odds and ends; but I should certainly feel easier in my mind if you were so good as to go over the house with me. As for that girl——"

But the servant had already made her escape, and Rollo carried off his still trembling wife, who was the more easily induced to condone Gillett's blunder, by the gratification with which she viewed her real home.

It was all he had described it and more, for the smiling, obliging servant pointed out on all sides clever contrivances, suggested or invented by Mr. Gillett, to add to the comfort of his friend's bride.

Before he returned to the city, he had been thanked and praised as warmly as he deserved to be, and Lilith, her tears of alarm all wiped away, could laugh as heartily as her husband while describing to her friend, Bella Delmar, the events that had signalized their return from their honeymoon.

VANITY.—None of us are free from a kind of vanity. The best of us either seek praise from others or praise ourselves. We can bear to hear a man of conspicuous character or ability praised, for praise is to them becoming and seasonable, but it is harsh sounding and grating to the ear when it comes from one puffed up with conceit and only valued in his own estimation. What is more distasteful to a man of delicate sensibility than a braggadocia, a man who blows his own trumpet by sheer obtrusiveness—who smiles, and frowns for favor and the amenities of society. I know men of good understanding, and in good repute and of winning manners, yet all their shining qualities are obscured by the dark spots in their character when they feign what they are not, or assume an excellence which they do not possess. No man can long conceal his real nature—his natural motives and principles. There are always little inklings, little peepings which, however faint, yet are enough to denote the inner man, his aims and principles, which if proven selfish or of no moral significance for the good of others, his life is a void and useless, without esteem or confidence. L. G. W.

SALUTING WITH THE NOSE.—The junction of noses is so general, and described as so forcible Africa and Oceanica, as to have given to rise to a fanciful theory that it had occasioned the flattening of the noses of the people. But in the accounts of many of the tribes of the Dark Continent and of the islanders of New Zealand, Rotouma, Tahiti, Tonga, Hawaii, and other groups, the essential action does not seem to be that of either pressure or rubbing, but of mutual smelling.

It is true that travelers generally call it rubbing, but the motion and pressure are sometimes no greater than that of the muzzles of two dogs making or cementing acquaintance. The pressure and rub are secondary and emphatic. The juncture only means the compliment, "You smell very good!"

It is illustrated in the Navigator group when the noses of friends are saluted with a long and hearty rub and the explanatory words, "Good, very good; I am happy now!" The Calmucks also go through a suggestive pantomime of greeting, in which they creep on their knees to each other and then join noses, as much as possible like the two dogs before mentioned.

"Yes, it's rather a high-priced set," assented the clerk at the furniture store, carelessly. "That's what Mrs. Chugwater remarked when she was here the other day. She said she would like to have it, but couldn't afford it. Over here on the other side of the room, now, I think we have——" "I'll take the set," said Mrs. Billus, with precision.

Scientific and Useful.

A NEW BRICK.—Bricks made of plaster of Paris and cork are now used in the construction of powder mills. In case of explosion they are broken to atoms.

RUBBER FISH WORM.—The latest triumph of Yankee inventive genius is an India rubber fish worm. It is said to be a remarkably good imitation of the common earth worm, is indestructible, and in actual use proves as alluring to the fishes as the genuine article.

HAY FEVER.—A correspondent of a St. Louis paper has discovered "a genuine and effective cure" for hay fever. It is a wash made of witch hazel and cocaine, to be applied to the nasal passages when the dreadful asthma comes on. He says it will stop the wheezing in no time, and then hay fever will have lost all its terrors.

BRASS.—Yellow brass may be made to keep its color without appearing varnished by means of a thin varnish of white shellac or a coating of collodion. It will retain its color for a long time without a protective coating of any kind if the finish is sufficiently fine. A light film of gold is the best possible coating for fine brass-work.

TANDEM TRICYCLES.—It is reported that long tandem tricycles, with seats for eight or more riders, have been introduced into London in order to compete with the tram cars in carrying passengers. The owner occupies the front seat, steers and collects the fares, while the passengers furnish the motive power—an easy task compared with that of a standing passenger in one of our over-crowded street cars.

THE MOUSTACHE TRAINER.—A moustache trainer is one of the latest devices for aiding the attractiveness of the human visage. It is an elastic, curved strip of thin metal, at either end of which is secured an adjustable plate, faced on the inner side with soft cloth, in order that the machine may comfortably clasp the ends of the moustache. The latter is carefully arranged at night, or during periods of seclusion, and the trainer fixed upon it. It is asserted that it does not incommode the wearer.

Farm and Garden.

KINDNESS.—It is ludicrous to see an old heathen go into the pasture and try to call up a horse or a herd which has never received anything but harshness from him.

UNPRODUCTIVE SPOTS.—A big rock, stump or swale hole may waste enough in crop space and time to more than cover the the cost of its removal or drainage and the permanent improvement of the farm.

BREAKING JOINTS.—When building a board fence don't have three or four boards used all end on one post. Put them on to break joints because the fence is stronger and does not so easily get out of true.

SALT.—Salt is recommended as an excellent fertilizer around the trunks of quince trees. The salt promotes the growth of the trees, increases the size and quality of the fruit, and also destroys worms or maggots in the soil.

BREEDING.—Mature animals are best for breeding purposes. Many herds or flocks have deteriorated because of the annual selection of young and immature animals for breeding. An animal that is not fully matured is lacking in vigor, and its offspring will inherit many of its defects.

THE RED COW.—There is an ancient superstition that the milk of red cows is better than that given by cows of any other color. References to the virtue of the red cow occur at various points in English literature, and among the sacrifices enjoined for purification from sin in the Hebrew scriptures is a red heifer.

CARE OF LAND.—Land that has not been favorable to certain crops that are subject to disease, such as potatoes, should be plowed, and forty bushels of air-slaked lime applied per acre. The lime will assist in destroying the spores of fungi, and thus aid in preventing rot. Whether beneficial in arresting disease or not the lime will be found useful as a fertilizer, and as a means of decomposing inert matter in the soil.

THAT REMEDY IS CHEAPEST that proves most effective, irrespective of price. Judged by this standard—as a Worm remedy and Child's Tonic—Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge is unequalled. It rids the child of worms, and by its tonic powers restores strength and vigor to the young and old; the latter a quality not usually possessed by Worm remedies. Sold by all Druggists.

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Personal Authority.

It is difficult for us to determine the extent of personal authority in ancient times; but from all that we can learn in the records of antiquity, it is very evident that it existed then in greater vigor than now. That is, the authority of individuals was greater in the ancient times; the authority of kings, of priests, of magistrates, of parents, of sages or philosophers, of saints, and of venerable men.

Even in remote provinces, in small villages, and rural districts, where primitive manners are still preserved, and to which the personal independence of modern intellectualism has not reached, we may sometimes perceive a few traces of patriarchal times in the reverence exhibited for virtuous men, and the something like superstitious confidence of security in following their footsteps or attending their presence. Heaven is believed to watch over them particularly. It is safer to be with them than with ordinary individuals in an hour of danger. If it thunder fiercely, or if the wind rage and tear up trees, and blow off the roofs of the humble cottages, the neighbors will run instinctively into the house of the venerable sage—death itself seeming less fearful should he be doomed with them to suffer.

Such feelings of respect are natural to man; but it is in rural life where the development is most perfect. There the personal virtues are better known, because more easily discovered; the homes of the peasants are more accessible than the homes of townsmen.

It is easier ascertained whether they are good fathers, good husbands, good neighbors, good men. A man's individuality is lost in a city, and he can only be known to his townsmen as an orator, a magistrate, or some other official, who may, by the exercise of more intellectual abilities, assume all the attributes of virtue in public, and cast them off at the threshold of his own home.

Hence, talent in towns has taken the place of more general worth in the exercise of authority, and not being sanctified by virtue, and rivalled withal by an immense multiplicity of opposing talent, authority itself has left individuals and taken refuge in universals—that is, in institutions or systems.

Still there is a chance. Nor does this remark apply to public men alone, but to parents also. Filial reverence is less vigorous in town than in the country, more especially if the parent has adopted town principles of personal independence and individual rights.

These instinctively communicate themselves to children, and by them are applied to their own insubordinate ends. Both parents and schoolmasters complain at present of increased unruliness on the part of children. The complaint is not new, we believe. It has always been the complaint of age that the present times are more unruly than the past.

Even in the days of Solomon it was so. "Say not thou what is the cause that the former days were better than these, for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning the thing." But in this conclusion of the wise king we cordially concur.

It is not wise in any man to regret the past; for the world is undergoing a course of education, and the insubordination of modern times is an important part of the course. There is a good mixed up with the evil; there is an increase of intelligence, which, in due time, will surmount the evil; but the simple fact, notwithstanding, may remain, that, compared to ancient times, there is greater insubordination amongst children at present both in schools and families.

Boys even dare, as well as their parents, to think for themselves, and calculate the time when they will be free from their control. Girls imbibe tastes and fancies—the rising fashions of the day—and are alienated from their parents who withhold their sanction; and pupils threaten teachers to leave their schools, if the teachers correct them for misbehavior, or refuse to allow them unreasonable indulgence—destructive of order and scholastic discipline.

In our young days we never thought of such daring; we never threatened a teacher, and we had many teachers; they all appeared in our eyes as independent authorities, to whom it was our duty to submit, and remorse would have punished us for any act of rebellion.

The truth is, society is more divided than it was. Now that we have advanced, or descended into a political and philosophical atmosphere, the freedom which our forefathers used in discussing religion is employed in rejecting it, or discussing politics and philosophy; and entering thus upon a more profane or less reverend subject, we naturally lose those ideas of authority which belong only to sacred subjects.

This want of personal authority would be a much greater evil than it is at present felt to be, were not the constitution of society so far changed as to make compensation. Men are now no longer soldiers, but merchants, tradesmen, mechanics, whose very existence depends upon popular tranquility; and so habituated are they to peaceful manners by the spirit of commerce, that even in the times of our greatest excitement, when thousands of operatives have struck work for higher wages, and abandoned themselves and their families to starvation, upon a forlorn hope of bettering their condition, the utmost mischief which they have hitherto perpetrated (except upon themselves) in less than that which the annals of every month record amongst accidents by fire.

Every age, and every state of society, seems to have a compensation for evils peculiar to itself. When we lose one species of authority, we gain another. When we lose the personal, we gain the financial.

When we lose the spiritual, we gain the temporal. When we lose the military and magisteral, we gain the commercial. And according as we happen to view the subject on one side or other, will we say that society progresses or retrogrades.

But society is going through the school of Providence, from one monitor to another monitor, learning different lessons: lessons spiritual and lessons temporal, lessons religious and lessons philosophical and scientific; lessons military and lessons financial; and amid all these changes it is subjected to different varieties of authority. But it never loses authority in the absolute, and stands as secure in one age as another; having its resource in itself, and never lifting one foot from the ground until it has secured for the other a solid position.

MINDS the most congenial, and seemingly formed to coalesce in the sweetest union, may sometimes, by missing the precise moment of explanation, after a slight misunderstanding, separate for ever. Let us learn a lesson from a fact which may be useful to the proudest heart and the most delicate sensibility—there is no price so high, nor delicacy so refined, as to be above the aid of mutual concession.

DOES a man approach thee for being proud or ill-natured, envious or conceited, ignorant or detracting? consider with thyself whether his reproaches are true. If they are not, consider that thou art not the person whom he reproaches; but that he reviles an imaginary being, and perhaps loves what thou really art, though he hates what thou appearest to be.

THERE is something in obstinacy which differs from every other passion. Whenever it fails, it never recovers, but either breaks like iron, or crumbles sullenly away, like a fractured arch. Most other passions have their periods of fatigue and rest, their sufferings and their cure; but obstinacy has no resource, and the first wound is mortal.

OF all the paths a man could strike into, there is, at any given moment, a best path for every man—a thing which, here and now, it were of all things wisest for him to do; which, could he but be led or driven to do, he were then doing like a man, as we phrase it. His success, in such a case, were complete, his felicity a maximum.

MEN pursue riches under the idea that their possession will set them at ease, and above the world. But the law of association often makes those who begin by loving gold as a servant finish by becoming themselves its slave; and independence without wealth is at least as common as wealth without independence.

HE that opposes his own judgment against the consent of the time, ought to be backed with unanswerable truths; and he that has truth on his side is a fool as well as a coward, if he is afraid to own it because of the currency or multitude of other men's opinions.

THERE is but one pursuit in life which it is in the power of all to follow, and of all to attain. It is subject to no disappointments, since he that perseveres makes every difficulty an advancement and every contest a victory; and this is the pursuit of virtue.

AT all times presence of mind is valuable. In time of repose it enables us to say and do whatever is most befitting the occasion that presents itself; while in time of trial it may protect, and in time of danger preserve.

TIMES of great calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunder bolt is elicited from the darkest storm.

THE discovery of what is true, and the practice of what is good, are the two most important objects of life.

WHEN Death, the great Reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness we repent of, but our severity.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

LOCHIEL.—It would be impossible to explain, through the medium of these columns, the manner in which the music described should be played. No one but an experienced teacher could impart such information.

MISSY.—You will find "plaque" in any French dictionary. It means simply a dish or plate, but the word is generally used to describe a plate more or less covered with alleged decorations, and intended for ornament rather than use.

C. S.—There is no superstition connected with shaking hands with the left hand, but a common saying is "that it's nearer the heart." 2. Your disposition from your writing is changeable: you are prim in manner, generally orderly in household matters, but at times particularly careless. You are liberal and good-hearted. We should judge, however, you are yet very young—that is, twenty or thereabouts—and your hand is not yet formed.

ANTONIO.—The founder of the present imperial line of Russia was Michael Romanoff, who was elevated to the throne in the year 1613. Peter the Great was his grandson, and the present Czar is circuitously descended from the same Romanoff line. There have been so many assassinations, and such strange admixtures in the Romanoff family, that it is difficult to say just exactly where the line of descent has actually run.

N. T.—Fragrance may be imparted to tobacco by mixing with it, while slightly damp, a little cascarilla, either in very fine shreds or recently powdered. Cigars may be perfumed by moistening them externally with concentrated tincture of cascarilla, or tincture of benzoin or storax, or a mixture of both. Another method is to put a minute portion of these substances in a powdered form in the filling of the cigar when it is being made. Cinnamon is also used for this purpose. But the addition of these substances rather detracts from the good qualities in the eye of a smoker of either the smoking tobacco or cigars.

LITTLE MISERY.—Myrtle was named after an Athenian maiden who was a favorite of Minerva. This maiden was metamorphosed into the flower called myrtle. The ancients considered it sacred to Venus, and it was one of the many names by which Venus was known. The myrtle of the Grecians was a shrubby plant, eight or ten feet high, and not at all like the creeping vines we now recognize by these names. Myroblan, or myrobalan, is a dried fruit which looks very much like a prune. It is found in the East Indies and South America, and was formerly used in medicine, but now, chiefly, in tanning and dyeing.

D. R. R.—The color shown on steel in tempering is not due to any chemical change or mechanical condition of the structure directly, but is owing to superficial change in the mechanical condition of the surface, set up by the strains of heating and cooling. 2. We have heard of such an invention as a car-wheel made of saw-dust. It consists of an iron rim of seven inches outward diameter by half an inch thick, fitted with a well-proportioned hub, the space between being filled with pine saw-dust, pressed in so compactly that it is said a pressure of twenty-three tons applied to the hub failed to develop the least sign of weakness.

R. N.—A flirt—or, more correctly, a coquette, for the term flirt is sadly abused—is a woman who deliberately tries to win men's love for the express purpose of rejecting it and triumphing over her victims. You may receive attentions and favors from a dozen gentlemen without being a flirt; and it is arrant nonsense to say that a girl should receive attentions from no gentleman unless she expects to marry him, or to suppose that every man who acts the gallant to a young lady is going to ask her to marry him. A lady may receive attentions from many gentlemen and treat them all with such equal consideration that not one can deem himself prefered above the others. But when she does distinguish one with her favor, and so virtually says to her friends, this is the man of them all I love, she should be very sure of her own heart.

M. M. S.—There are guides and maps of the three cities Philadelphia, Brooklyn and New York, which may be obtained at any good book-store, which will furnish you with the fullest and exactest information on the subjects mentioned. Meanwhile we may say generally that Philadelphia's streets are better, wider and longer than those of any other big city in the country. Washington perhaps as a whole has the best streets, leaving out the question of length and number. Philadelphia is the largest city in point of extent excepting Chicago, in this country. But while the latter has more ground under it, its streets are not yet laid out or in the condition of our own. Our principal streets average from 50 to 80 feet in width. Broad street is 120 feet and from end to end it is surveyed—though not all opened up—and runs a distance of eighteen miles. The city is fourteen miles in extent from east to west and eighteen from north to south, having more than 1300 miles of streets. As New York is only about 8 miles in length by five or six in breadth, you see it is impossible its streets should be equal in length to our own, while, as a matter of fact, they do not compare with them in width except in the upper part of the city. Brooklyn originally comprised but 30 miles of territory, and her later enlargement is due to the incorporation of outlying villages. Hence even her present size precludes the chance of her streets as a whole favorably comparing with those of Philadelphia.

A LITTLE WHILE.

BY J. F. SULLIVAN.

But only for a little space
The tiny footsteps falter—
And now are vanished from their place,
And now the others alter,
Showing a slower, heavier tread—
Then, lo! two shoe-prints only,
The smaller, daintier ones are fled;
On plod the others, lonely.

And now they drag through winter snow,
With prints that merge together;
And there are ruby streaks that show
Where thorns have pierced the leather;
And now the lark returns to bed
For twilight has descended,
Untrodden is the track ahead,
And all the prints are ended.

Sown on Sand.

BY C. E. MORLAND.

PHILIP LOVETT dead! Poor fellow—poor, poor Philip! I think I see him now as I saw him on the evening that the first act of our tragedy, as it was called long after all the chief actors in the drama had left us, took place. What a charming fellow he was, popular with his inferiors as with his equals. His tall, slight figure, his silky hair that curled all over his head, his blue eyes almost hidden behind the long black lashes, and the features, refined and delicate as though carved in ivory, made him too a very handsome man, who attracted you at first sight.

I was both stage and business manager then to No. 1 Company. The Dark Horse, a play which you may remember had a tremendous run in the provinces, after its phenomenal 500 nights at one of the biggest London Houses. About Christmas time that year, Miss Vere Aubrey, our leading lady, was very ailing; she had caught a chill travelling from Cork to Dublin, which developed into bronchitis. She struggled on bravely for a few days, knowing well that if she gave in I should be at my wit's end, for she had no understudy; but, on the Thursday, our fourth day in Dublin, she sent for me to see her the first thing after breakfast. I found her frightfully ill, hardly able to speak, and breathing in long, painful gasps.

"Mr. Garston," she said, "I—am—afraid it is no use—I cannot play to-night!"

I looked at her full of pity for her suffering, and exclaimed: "Of course you can't; you mustn't think of it!"

"But what will you do?—the—performance can't take place!"

To say that I had not thought of the difficulties her illness caused would not be true, but I couldn't let her see the straits I was in, she would worry herself into a fever.

"Never you mind," said I, as cheerfully as I could, "I will manage something, you try and get well as quickly as possibly."

Not letting her say another word, I rushed out. My head was in a whirl. Frankly, I did not know what to do; never in the whole of my twenty-five years' experience, had I been brought face to face with such a problem. I must have looked rather wild, for the passers-by stared at me, and the street boys nudged each other as they whispered that the "man at the theayter, what looked after the others, was a-learnin' of a part!" I can't say that I noticed these incidents then, but they all flashed back on me when I was calmer and the danger tided over.

As I passed the telegraph office, an inspiration seized me; if Miss Wadman was at Crewe, she might help us! Miss Wadman was a lady of some position and means, whose great delight was to play leading parts with a real professional company. She had more than once taken out a piece herself, and I happened to know she was perfect in every line of Miss Aubrey's part. She lived part of the year at Crewe, and, if my wire caught her at home, could be with us late in the afternoon. I wired, asking her to answer me immediately at the theatre, to which I proceeded.

Most of the company were assembled about the stage door and in the porter's lodge, having come, as was the custom, for the morning letters. I was greeted with exclamations and questions.

"Mr. Garston, have you seen a ghost?"

"What is the matter, old man?"

"Anything wrong, Garston?"

"You look very bad, dear boy!"

And one little woman came up to me, and, putting her arm through mine, said, in the sweetest voice that I have ever known in the voice I loved so well, "Dear old dad, what has happened?"

"Well, Lila," I answered, "about the worst that can happen to a manager!"

"Is Miss Aubrey worse?"

"So bad, that she can't possibly play to-night."

"Oh, dad, dad! What shall we do?"

Everyone was full of commiseration and dismay. The Dark Horse was in full swing of a tremendous success, the booking alone nearly filling the house for this night, as for the whole of our visit. Fancy having to close! If it had not been for Miss Aubery's pluck in not having given way before, there would have been strong language; as it was, we were too down in the mouth to do more than look at each other, and one and all cudgel our brains to find a way out of our difficulty.

I daresay you are saying to yourself what a fool I was, when Miss Aubrey had been so ill, not to have had an understudy ready to go on at a moment's notice, but I was not to blame. Up to two days before we had Miss Brand ready. Unfortunately Tuesday had brought her a telegram; her mother was dying—could she go? She came to me with tears streaming down her cheeks—"Mr. Garston, may I go at once?"

"My dear girl, with Miss Aubrey so ill, what can I say?"

"Please, sir, she thinks she can get through the week, and if she didn't, I could never take her place with this hanging over me. I couldn't play, Mr. Garston, indeed I couldn't."

What could I do? I went to Miss Aubrey, talked it over with her, then, with many misgivings let the poor girl go; she promising to join us at York, our next town. And this terrible dilemma was the result, for our company was not a large one and comprised but five ladies; Miss Aubrey, already mentioned, Mrs. Henderson, our aristocratic mother, Lila Carton, our juvenile lead, Miss Brand, understudy for both Miss Aubrey and Mrs. Henderson, and Alice Raynor, the prompter's daughter, who understudied Lila.

Do you see our position? Even if Mrs. Henderson could have Miss Aubrey's part, there was no one to go on for her, for both Lila and Alice were girls in their teens and had never been called on in an emergency.

Time went on; no one left the theatre, all waiting to hear the result of my telegram to Miss Wadman. At 11.30 a telegraph boy, with the well-know envelope, was seen approaching; before he had reached me, it had been snatched out of his hands and was in mine. I tore it open.

"So sorry, my daughter is in Town.

MRS. WADMAN."

I read this out slowly and painfully, and the business of those round me was an example for an Adelphi crowd. I raised my head and we gazed at each other, but no one uttered a word. A pall of blank despair had fallen on us all. Then I turned and walked heavily through the stage door, and up to the little office where all the work of the day had still to be done, and what a task I had before me!

I sat down to the table with my head in my hands, pondering deeply how to set about it. At last I concluded to let things stand till the evening, and then at opening time announce the fact of Miss Aubrey's illness, returning their money to all who had booked; by the next day I must have someone down from London to take her place. Hastily seizing my list, I scanned the names of suitable actresses disengaged; it was not easy to find the right people, but I chose half-a-dozen and wrote out a telegram to our agent; then, taking up my hat, I was about to send it off, when a knock came to the door.

"Come in! Why, Lila, child, what is it? I haven't a moment; I must send to Marden at once."

"One moment, dad; I don't want you to send. I don't want you to close to-night, as the all say you must. I want——"

She stopped suddenly, looking very nervous and shy.

"Well, well child, what do you want? Not to play Lady Agnes yourself?" and I burst out laughing.

Lila Carton was eighteen years old, and as lovely and good a girl as ever a manager had under him. Her debut had been made with me some three years previously after her joining us in rather sad circumstances.

I was manager of the Dalton Comedy Co. and at York, having some leisure, had looked up an old friend, Mr. Carton; to my sorrow, I found him very ill and in great concern about his only child, Lila, to whom he could leave barely enough to keep her from starvation.

In old days we had been as brothers, and I told him that Lila should never want for a home whilst I was alive and able to give her one. The poor fellow's relief was quite sufficient recompense to me, for any unknown sacrifice I might have to make in the future, though the thought of having someone to care for, and perhaps to care for me, was anything but unpleasant.

Before the end of the week Dr. Carton was dead, having left me Lila's sole guardian.

It is in cases of this kind that we feel our strolling life most, and yet, for the child's sake, it was just as well that all her father's affairs had to be settled up quickly and that she herself went with us, when the company left York. The novelty and excitement of touring prevented her from dwelling on her grief to the detriment of her health, and when we reached London four months afterwards, at the close of the spring tour, Lila was a universal favorite and I myself wondered how I had lived without her all those years.

She was crazy to go into the profession, and during the next three months I not only coached her myself, but gave her some of the best teaching procurable, so that when we started off again I was able to recommend her confidently for a good juvenile part, and ever since then her pride had been to be perfectly independent.

As I laughed at her hesitating anxiousness, her eyes filled with tears. "Ah, dad," she said, "I knew you would laugh at me but that is just what I do want. I know every line of Lady Agnes, and surely, even if I only read the lines, it is better than closing the theatre—you know Miss Raynor can go on for me!"

I took the girl's hands in mine and kissed her, saying earnestly:

"You are right, Lila, quite right, and have helped me out of a great difficulty!"

"Then let me have a rehearsal at once—I told Mr. Lovett I was coming to you, and he was very pleased—he is so good-natured—he will help me to-night."

"Well, child, I must send this off, on account of to-morrow, but have your own way now."

Lila came up to me and put both her hands on my shoulders.

"Dad," she said slowly, "I want you to trust me. . . I think, ah no! I feel I can play the part sufficiently well to satisfy you—wait till I have rehearsed it before you send your telegram."

I looked at my watch—I had plenty of time, and I wanted to humor the little thing whose courage seemed our salvation.

"Get to business then, young woman," I said hastily, more to conceal my emotion than in any real hurry.

Lila ran out of the room and I heard a suspicious sound as she closed the door—something between a sob and a sigh of relief. Not many minutes afterwards the call-boy came to me—

"The ladies and gentlemen is ready, sir, for Miss Carton's rehearsal—would you be so good as to attend?"

I felt ten years younger than half an hour before—we need not close! Printed slips announcing the change and its cause, would be sufficient, and the chances were that no one would accept the proffered offer of money returned.

Lila was absolutely word perfect and went through every item of business swimmingly. As soon as we had run through the piece, I took Lovett aside—"What do you think—will she be able to take Miss Aubrey's part for a day or two?"

"Let the child play—I shall prefer her infinitely to someone who most likely knows nothing of the part, and will want to create it afresh at a few hours' notice!"

Philip Lovett was our leading man, and had always been very attentive to my little girl, though there was nothing between them.

In the presence of the whole company I tore up the telegram I had written out, and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, to save us from great loss and inconvenience, Miss Carton has kindly consented to play 'Lady Agnes' during Miss Aubrey's enforced absence. Miss Raynor, will you be good enough to take Miss Carton's part?"

A regular burst of enthusiasm followed my little speech, and Lila blushing with delight, came to me—

"Dad, you are an angel!" then turning to Philip Lovett, she said prettily: "Would you very much mind going through my scenes in the Dark Horse again?"

"As often as you like," he answered cheerfully, "but you mustn't overtire yourself, you know."

"I think once will do, thanks; I want to act a little now, and Dad, you must go away, you have a good deal to see to, you know."

"Lila," I said, "don't over-excite yourself, dear, you acted very sweetly, and it will be a terrible day and night for you!"

She laughed merrily and took me off the stage, saying she did not want to see me again till we met at dinner.

All that day I was so busy that I hardly gave Lila a passing thought, but every now and then it flashed across my mind that the company looked at me strangely when I happened to come upon any of its members. "I suppose they think me a partial old fool for letting Lila play to-night! Let them! She will do very nicely," I thought to myself.

* * * * * *

The day passed rapidly. When I reached the lodgings which Mrs. Henderson shared with Lila and myself, I found the two ladies very busy with preparations for the evening. Miss Aubrey had heard all about Lila's rehearsal, and had sent a message to say that her entire wardrobe was at the child's disposal, adding a few words of valuable advice and encouragement.

We all dine together, and then Lila begged to be left alone till the time for her to face the ordeal she had taken upon herself. We were none of us in very good spirits—the doctor had given a very bad account of Miss Aubrey, and, unlike most companies, being all on very friendly terms, the thought of one of us suffering was a damper to our cheerfulness, so the curtain rose on one of the tamest representations of the Dark Horse that I had ever witnessed.

I trembled in my shoes, the play generally took a tremendous hold on the house before Lady Agnes appeared, and if it had not, her first scene was, in the hands of a capable actress, strong enough to pull it together and then she would keep the interest alive to the end. But what chance had poor little Lila? Here were our most reliable speeches going for nothing—our comedy lines hardly provoking a smile, where roars and laughter usually greeted them—Mrs. Branxton (Mrs. Henderson) had appealed in agonised tones to her hard-hearted son, to save his father's name from dishonor, the audience had not moved a muscle.

Already there was that sense of uneasiness creeping over the house that communicates itself only too quickly from audience to actor; already had I caught the ominous whisper—"What made this a success?" Already did I see people take up the printed slip announcing the change of ladies, with an expressive shrug of the shoulders, that meant an empty house after the first act, just drawing to a close.

Oh wonder of wonders! Lila Carton came on, and with the first few words of her most exquisite voice, the girl changed the whole current of decision. One scene, played by her with passion and irresistible pathos, was enough for the vacillating public to take her to their hearts.

The little unknown juvenile of the day before revealed to our astonished, delighted senses an actress of the rarest genius! The house rose at her, shouted themselve hoarse with enthusiasm, and call upon call greeted my dear little protegee, whose first thought had been to throw herself into my arms, and to thank me for trusting her. Yes, to thank me. Great Heavens! when I could have knelt at her feet and cried like a child at her marvellous gift.

After this the piece went on brilliantly—its success was changed to a triumph, and, smiling and self-possessed, our Lila received an ovation at the fall of the last curtain such as, I firmly believe, Dublin had never before dreamt of.

Philip Lovett came up to me and grasped my hand. Lila was the centre of a crowd of men, friends acquaintances and others, all eager to say a few words to the rising star.

"What a revelation!" said Philip. "It was the most perfect acting I have ever seen!"

I was almost too overcome to answer, and he went on, hurriedly looking round at the smiling group that held the centre of the stage:

"I hope to goodness they won't turn the child's head!"

And then he walked off to join the chorus of congratulations and of praise.

I wondered who Lila was talking to—she was standing a step or two away from the group of outsiders who had besieged us, with a man who riveted attention at first sight. Sir Francis Chalmers was in the prime of manhood, a broad-shouldered, tall young fellow, with black hair and moustache that made him look more Italian than English. He was bending

eagerly towards my darling and gazing into her pure eyes which were all alight with her recent triumph.

Lila seemed very engrossed by his words but in his eyes there was a look of admiration I did not like to see, the look of a man of the world, certain of easy ascendancy over women. Twice Lovett spoke to and she did not hear him. I was sorry for the young fellow, who, without making her talked of, had always paid Lila a great deal of attention, and this very evening would have done much to help her, had she needed it. He caught my eye once, and gave me a look as much as to say—"I don't mind, it is only for to-night!" And then I went forward.

"Lila, my dear child, it is very late—are you ready?"

"Yes, daddy dear, in one moment. Sir Francis Chalmers wants to be introduced to you."

The baronet bowed and put out his hand.

"I had no idea of the delightful treat you had in store for me, Mr. Garston—do you know I was very nearly going home when I saw that Miss Aubrey was ill?"

For him indeed! He spoke as if Lila's success had been got up for his personal benefit!

"I am afraid, Sir Francis," I answered coldly, "that the treat will not be repeated for our next audience, unless Miss Carton says good-night now."

Mrs. Henderson had already gone home, and I took Lila off, noticing with secret dismay that she had listened eagerly to Francis when he lowered his voice in leave-taking.

We were to stay in Dublin for a fortnight, and Lila's success was so assured that we could have filled the house for a month. By-the-by, she had to play Lady Agnes for the remainder of the tour; for even when at last Miss Aubrey got better the doctors forbade her working for some time to come, and Lila stept into her place on very favorable terms.

Her position was entirely changed, and sometimes I wondered if her nature was also, at others I would indignantly repudiate the notion, and vow she was the same dear little girl she had ever been, and that the man lucky enough to love and win her, would be the most enviable being on earth. Alas! Alas!

During our stay in Dublin Sir Francis Chalmers was Lila's shadow—he sent her the most lovely flowers every day, and night after night found him in the same stall in the centre of the house. Lila behaved very well, and no one could say a word against her, but Philip Lovett's face grew longer and longer, and though he would greet her with glad, admiring looks, as soon as Sir Francis was mentioned he became morose and angry.

It was not difficult to guess at his secret—brought into closer contact with Lila, playing the lover to her, night after night, on the stage, his admiration rapidly changed to passionate, exciting, jealous love, making the scenes between them so realistic in their intensity, that I myself caught my breath more than once as the two held us all enthralled.

Before we left the town Sir Francis gave a large supper-party in Lila's honor, and when I heard him tell her in low, honeyed tones that he must soon see her again, I was horror-struck at the possibility that she might appreciate what was called her good fortune in having captivated such a man, only too well. He was rich and his own master, and though Lila was an actress, her youth, beauty, and parentage, would not make a union between them an act of much generosity on his part.

We left Dublin.

Had Sir Francis spoken to Lila? I could not make out. She looked very pale and troubled, avoiding the mention of his name unless obliged to speak of him, when her manner was unintelligible. The relations of our company had undergone a change: our journey was gloomy and dull. Philip Lovett made no secret of his love, and after Sir Francis' supper-party kept a dignified and reproachful silence for some days.

Then at York the aspect off affairs underwent another change. Lila brightened up, and Lovett looked happy and contented once more. This state of things lasted for some weeks. Sir Francis had not followed us and Lila began to show signs of returning Philip's love, making all the difference in life to him. He loved her—ah, if she would only love him! At last he met the reward of his patience and untiring devotion.

I did not mean to play the eavesdropper, but one afternoon, tired out by a more busy time than usual, I fell asleep on our sitting-room couch, and presently, between sleeping and waking, I overheard a whispered conversation that ever and anon broke into louder tones. Lovett and Lila were standing in the heavily-curtained bay window, the only bright spot in the rapidly darkening room.

"Lila, darling! And you will be my wife?"

"Yes, Philip—if you think it is for your happiness."

"For my happiness? Lila, we shall be as happy as the day is long!"

And he took her in his arm and pressed his lips on her rosebud of a mouth, holding her to him with a passionate yearning that brought the tears to my eyes. I moved, and, fully awake now, yawned loudly. Lila sprang away from her lover, but he caught her to him again and came back into the room, towards me.

"Awake at last, old man?" he said.

"Awake, am I? I think I must be dreaming still," I exclaimed, looking meaningly at their positions, Lila threw herself beside me.

"Daddy, Philip wants me to marry him—may I?"

"God bless you both," I answered solemnly. "It has been the wish of my heart."

Everybody was pleased at the news, and Philip's courtship proceeded smoothly till at length the wedding day was settled. As soon as we got back to town, before we started on the "southern tour," Philip and Lila were married, with every prospect of happiness before them.

* * * * * *

Lovett was not jealous by nature, and when he rejoined us with his wife he did not mind the familiarity with which she was treated—was she not the adopted daughter, not only of myself, but of the entire company?

One and all had welcomed her into their midst when, a poor, friendless orphan, she had no one to turn to, and there had not been a dissentient voice to withhold congratulations and praise when, with one bound, she had mounted the ladder of success and gained the position she ever after held.

"But luckily," Philip said to me, "we are alone once we have left the theatre."

Most women are born flirts and cannot withstand flattery and applause. Lila was not faultless in this respect, but then she was so light-hearted, so lovely—and—she loved her husband!

A year went by, and their honeymoon was still shining brightly.

Lila had received a letter from Sir Francis at the time of her marriage, which she had handed to me, laughing as she did so. I thought it impertinent in its scarcely veiled regrets—if he had loved the child why had he given no signs of his existence since his pursuit of her in Dublin? But I said nothing, only shrugged my shoulders as I gave it back to her. Philip did not see it.

In the winter of 18— Lovett was offered an engagement at a London theatre—he accepted it and Lila was to take a well-earned rest. They took a bijou residence in Victoria Road, Kensington, and were soon launched into London society, both theatrical and artistic, which left them no peace till Lila consented to be one of the patronesses at the Midsummer Fair, to be held at the Albert Hall.

Lila threw herself heart and soul into the affair and the little house in Kensington was soon the rendezvous of every man who had anything to do with the fete. Philip heard of nothing else. What Lord George had said yesterday, Lord Baronscourt to-day, what Sir this and Mr. that thought about Lila's dress, looks and tact out was the subject of all her conversation.

I saw he did not like it, and I remonstrated with him allowing Lila to keep open house—but what was he to do? He was rehearsing all day and acting every night. He never entered his doors without meeting on the threshold one or another of the idlers he detested, and when he found his wife surrounded day after day, was forced to smile and looked pleased, for everyone was polite and attentive to the popular actor who had the prettiest wife in London!

He did say something to Lila one day but she laughed at him, and asked him in her pretty, coaxing way, if he couldn't trust his wife. He kissed her and pretended to be satisfied, but the demon of jealousy was at work—Philip knew no more peace, and the poor foolish fellow let everyone guess at his misery, and soon became a byeword in the theatre.

Then he began to quarrel with Lila, who, protesting in her innocence, would not listen to his reproaches.

"I won't make you ridiculous and I won't be made ridiculous myself by saying 'not at home' to a parcel of silly men, who would soon guess the reason why. You shouldn't have married an actress, Philip, if you can't bear your wife to be spoken to!"

Perhaps she was right, but matters did not mend between them, and the second anniversary of their wedding passed without their even wishing each other many happy returns of the day.

The day after, Lila went to the theatre to see Philip in a new part. She had a stage-box and was the centre of attraction, and no wonder—she looked exquisite. Her fair young face and white shoulders rising from the pale blue of a lovely gown, were crowned by the most wonderful head of hair, hair that rippled and shone all over in a million little golden curls, and lay bewitchingly around the beautiful head with soft delicate shimmer about the pretty low forehead. I sat behind at the back of the box and could not keep my eyes from her.

Suddenly she noticed that Philip grew deadly pale; even under his make up it was apparent, as he stared into the stalls. Her eyes followed the direction of his, and then encountered those of Sir Francis Chalmers, who was smiling at her with a familiar look that turned her hot and cold, as she realized what Philip must be thinking.

Between the acts Sir Francis came into the box, profuse in excuses for his long silence, in flatteries as to her beauty and fascination. My blood boiled as I heard the undercurrent of insolence as he spoke to one, who was to him, only an actor's wife, but Lila did not notice, or if she did, she did not mind his manner, neither did she refuse him permission to call in Victoria Road.

Philip heard of this visit and of many subsequent ones, and at last a paragraph in some society paper, coupling Lila's name with that of Sir Francis, brought matters to a climax. He rushed home blindly one afternoon and burst out into violent denunciations of her conduct, saying in conclusion:

"Will you refuse to see that man again and come away with me?"

"Leave London! Oh, I can't! I shall most likely be asked to create the leading part in Mr. Wall's posthumous play—you ask too much Philip."

"And by Heaven you shall grant what I ask or——"

Lila looked frightened but laughed lightly.

"Or what, Philip?"

"I shall leave you!"

"Leave me! you cannot be in earnest."

"I mean what I say."

"Where will you go to?"

"I do not know."

"But you will come back!"

"Never—will you come, yes or no?"

Lila only shook her head, and then without waiting for another word he rushed off, and for months that was the last we knew of Philip Lovett. And yet Lila loved her husband.

Now she closed the doors against all comers and saw no one but myself. She thought her husband had killed himself, and spent long hours weeping for his loss and confiding in me her own self-reproaches for not having humored him.

In the autumn I took out The Dark Horse again, and tried hard to persuade Lila to come with me and play her old successful part of "Lady Agnes." But the wilful little woman could not be coaxed—she had just heard rumors that her husband had joined a provincial company under another name, and, angry with herself for having believed him dead, she made up her mind, to enjoy the London season once more.

Everyone pitied her, and blamed Philip. She was to play a leading part at the new Star Theatre, and was the idol of the hour. She would not leave own—he would think she had repented her decision—would believe her guilty of more than a passing flirtation—she must assert herself.

But she loved her husband and secretly longed for his return. I could not bear leaving her to herself and left town very reluctantly, though I had a little scheme in my own mind for bringing the husband and wife together again that partially reconciled me to the inevitable.

The tour was my own speculation this time. I knew that The Dark Horse still had money in it, and I started off with a fair company, full of hope for the future, if not very happy about my adopted daughter.

Our leading man had only come to me temporarily, having an engagement elsewhere at the end of the month. I found out Philip Lovett's address and wrote, giving him our full cast, and asking him whether he felt inclined to take his old part when it fell vacant—playing under his new name. Suspecting nothing, Philip consented, and joined at Leeds.

I was shocked at the change a few months had wrought in Lila's husband, and could not help openly blaming her to him. No sooner had I spoken than I repented of my rashness. Suppressed rage disfigured every feature, and he turned on me fiercely. "How dared I mention her name? She was worthless; she preferred any man to her own husband, any other kisses to his! And he loved her still—a fool for his pains!" My poor friend's brain was well-nigh turned by his long brooding over Lila's thoughtlessness, and jealousy had roused all the bad qualities that might have lain dormant in his breast for ever under happier circumstances.

I pondered long over my scheme. Should I, after all, try and bring them together again? My love for Lila and friendship for Philip gained the day. I entered into a conspiracy with "Lady Agnes," who was called away for a week. I telegraphed and wrote to Lila in despair, and she, knowing nothing of Philip's presence amongst us, came down to Brighton late on Monday afternoon to play Lady Agnes that same evening.

I kept my secret well; no one knew anything about the change, and were to know nothing till the last moment.

* * * * * *

I went to meet Lila, and when she had seen her rooms at the "Grand," she begged me to take her on to the King's Road; she wanted a breath of sea-air.

"Was she nervous?"

"Oh, dear, no; she was word perfect and had never forgotten the business, but you know, daddy," she added, "I hate that pistol business in the last act, and I want to be quite up to it. It seems so strange; the last time I played Lady Agnes was down here, the week before . . . I was married! Do you remember, daddy?"

Did I remember? It was part of my stupid plot that old associations might help them to bridge over present wrongs and griefs. I pressed the little hand that lay on my arm, silently, and Lila went on quietly:

"You know, daddy, I was very much to blame. Philip loved me and I loved him, but my eyes have only just been opened to the fact that I ought to have done as he asked me to. I was so delighted to get your letter, for, between ourselves, Sir Francis Chalmers has been regularly persecuting me; he wants me to divorce Philip and to marry him."

"The villian!" I cried; "he has made Philip miserable enough already; why—didn't you refuse him three years ago?"

"No, dear," Lila spoke slowly and flushed crimson; "in those days he did not think me good enough to be his wife."

"Lila! He did not dare to——?"

"Yes, daddy, he did. Of course he apologized most humbly as soon as he saw his mistake, and vowed he had taken too much wine, etc., and if it had not been for my love of teasing Philip I would never have spoken to him again. Once he had been received within our doors, he did his best to make me forget his old blunder, and this proposal is what he calls making the 'amende honorable!'"

"And how did you answer him?"

"Told him I loved my husband, and would that instant write to Philip imploring him to forgive me."

"And you have done so?"

"I sent the letter by hand to the club late last night, with strict injunctions to forward it by express."

I felt very much inclined to take Lila in my arms there and then and tell her all; she looked so sweet and shy, as she spoke in humble tones of self-accusation, but I refrained. Lady Agnes' first meeting Captain Halward, if you remember, one of surprised and pleased recognition on both sides. The scene should be played to-night as it never had been before. Philip would have received Lila's letter, and if I knew anything of human nature, his delight could only equal hers.

Suddenly Lila clutched at my arm tighter.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "it is too bad for him—too, too bad; he must have bribed my servants to tell him where I had gone."

Looking up, I saw Sir Francis in the act of raising his hat to Lila, and coming to her with a satisfied smirk on his handsome, hateful face.

"I am indeed lucky, Mrs. Lovett," he said, "in having fixed on Brighton in which to spend the days of your most regretted absence from town."

Lila drew herself up, and answered coldly:

"I am here professionally, Sir Francis, and am just going to the theatre—good-bye."

"No—au revoir, please; I trust you will allow me to pay my respects to you this evening."

"I beg you will do nothing of the kind; once more, good evening," and Lila swept on.

Sir Francis muttered something under his breath, but there was no mistaking the love in the black eyes that devoured the beautiful woman with a hungry, eager look, almost pitiful in its intensity. However, I had no time to pity Sir Francis Chalmers, and walking on quickly I soon overtook Lila, who was trembling and white with anger.

"It is ungentlemanly—cowardly!" she said quickly.

"It is, my dear child; but don't let it worry you now; remember you have to face that dreadful pistol scene!" I spoke jestingly, hoping to make her smile. Good God! If had only known!

The scene Lila pretended to lack courage for was in the last act—do you remember it? Captain Halward is to fight Blackwood, the villain, and the pistols go off, Lady Agnes rushes between the combatants to save her lover from the crime of murder. Halward's ball is supposed to kill her, and in horror at his own act he there and then blows out his own brains. Most actresses disliked the scene, a certain tension of nerve being necessary to make them face the double fire, and Lila, for one, had always been very glad when it was over.

We reached the theatre and all went well; beyond her dresser no one knew anything of Lila's coming, and great was the surprise and pleasure when she took her place on the prompt side waiting for her cue.

Philip came on the right, and so they neither knew the other was near. I was watching Lila closely—suddenly I saw her stagger with her hand to her heart—Philip was on, she had recognized his voice. For one moment I was afraid she would faint, then she caught my eye and gently shook her head as a look of rapturous love crept into her sweet face and filled her eyes with tears. She went on. Shall I ever forget the scene?

The house thought it was wonderful acting, and when husband and wife sobbed out their joy and forgotten anguish in each other's arms, it sobbed with them. But I knew it was deadly earnest. Philip had received his wife's letter, and her coming on to the stage made him answer her with his soul in his eyes, and deep, forgiving love in every sob and word he gave utterance to. I could hardly bear it, and rushing away to my own room, I thanked God aloud that I had helped them to a new life. I was recalled to the wings by the deafening applause and shouts for Lila who has been recognized, and I was obliged to go before the curtain and explain her unexpected appearance.

As I stood in the glare of the fully-lighted house, the recollection of Lila's first success in Dublin was strong upon me, so much so that I was hardly dismayed to see Sir Francis Chalmers in the stage box. Nothing could matter now—Lila and Philip were reconciled!

Alas! at the end of the second act I saw Sir Francis bowing before Lila, and Lovett hurrying towards them with a look of black hatred on the face that only a moment before had been so brilliantly happy. Lila had not noticed Sir Francis beyond giving him a cold inclination of the head, and now she took her husband's arm and looked caressingly into his infuriated face. He shook her off roughly.

"So madam," he exclaimed fiercely, "this is you repentance—your longing for your husband's love—Fool, fool that I was to believe one word from your lying lips again!"

Lila clung to him trying to explain, to stay his angry, insulting words. He would not listen to a word she said. Again, his eyes were blinded, his ears shut, and his heart filled with the bitter poison of jealousy. He flung her from him, overwhelming her with the torrent of his wrath. And then he turned away and rushed into the street. Halward was not on in the third act and we could only hope Lovett would recover himself sufficiently to be back at the theatre in time for the fourth and last.

Sir Francis had discreetly left the stage, as soon as he saw how matters stood, but he had not tact enough to leave the theatre, and was in his box when the curtain rose again.

Dazed and miserable Lila went through her scenes mechanically. Philip had cast at her the hardest, bitterest words that man could fling at a woman, whilst she, still under the glamor of his forgiveness, hardly realized the cause of his madness. She was not like the same woman that had been so enthusiastically welcomed only an hour before, and my heart ached as more than once a wretched, forlorn expression came over her childish face, and and real tears fell from her burning eyeballs; and the house never knew that the woman who played so marvellously was acting with a broken heart—she had to cry and she cried real tears—the triumph of the actor's art. What more could she want than the applause of hundreds? She received it as if surprised that she was before them at all.

Before she went on again, I came to her with well-meant words of encouragement—"Philip is here," I said—"and seems quite calm—all will yet be right."

"No, daddy," she answered, "never again—Philip will never love me now!" and then, taking my hand in hers, she fondled it. "Never mind, dear, you did your best—thank you, thank you!"

They were the last words she ever spoke to me. She took her place and waited, and I, after a tender look at the girl, for she was little more, who was so dear to me, I went round to Philip who was just going on.

Moule, the property owner, had handed the pistols to Halward's seconds—I noticed that Philip had one in his hand and seemed to be examining it, but something having gone wrong the week before this did not surprise me. "Are those pistols all right now?" I asked Moule.

"Yes, sir," he answered, "Mr. Lovett saw to them himself."

I went to the O. P. side and watched the acting. Philip was wonderfully calm, but I did not like his look—there was a dangerous glitter in his eyes I had never seen before, and I determined not to lose sight of him after the play was over.

The signal to fire was given—Lady Agnes rushed on. Then came the well-known shriek of anguish. But surely tonight it was different—there was something unearthly, despairing, deathly in the sound—and stay—what was happening—Lady Agnes had fallen as never before, and oh, horror! a creeping, crimson stream was staining the green baize beneath her—in a second my eyes went to Philip—Great Heaven! What was he doing? Instead of turning the weapon on himself he pointed it straight at Sir Francis Chalmers, and with a fiendish chuckle, before any hand could reach his to stay the murderous deed—he fired. Sir Francis fell back in the box, shot through the heart, and the house rose in uproar and confusion.

The curtain was already down when I made my way through the gaping crowd of supers to where my Lila, my almost more than daughter was lying. Philip had flung himself over her, and was sobbing out . . . "Lila, Lila! I didn't mean it, I only meant to frighten you—look at me, speak to me! I believe you, I will never doubt you again. I love you!"

I saw at a glance that our darling was lifeless and touched Philip gently on the shoulder. "Come with me, Philip. I want you."

He rose quite gently, and stood looking at her, said to me in a hoarse whisper, "I have killed her! I have killed her!" then throwing up his arms he fell heavily to the ground.

When Philip recovered consciousness his reason had fled for ever—and now he is dead—poor, poor fellow! Poor Philip! Truly, though "Love is strong as death, jealousy is cruel as the grave."

A Costly Doll's House.—The costliest doll's house probably in the world is that made by a resident of Chicago for his four-year-old daughter, at a cost of 3,500 dollars. It is built of brick, with a tower and cupola like an ancient castle, and looks for all the world like a reproduction of the great modern residence of some millionaire. It has a little flight of steps leading up to the solid oak front door, and an electric push-bell for the convenience of the baby visitors of the happy mistress of the house. On this door—which, by the way, is four feet high—is the name of the proprietor on a silver plate. There is a hallway lighted by a miniature gas lamp suspended from the ceiling, and it is finished in the choicest of hard woods. There are umbrella and hat racks of appropriate dimensions. Elegant draperies cover the folding doors, and the parlor is fitted up in grand style. The furniture is all of white enamelled wood, covered with white brocaded silk. There is a handsome mantel filled with bric-a-brac and little lamps. A beautiful chandelier, furnished with real gas, hangs from the centre of the room. Centre tables, divans, easy chairs, sofas, &c., fill up the apartment.

EMINENT MEN AND THE DICTIONARY

Mr. Andrew Lang remarks somewhere that he believes he has not a single dictionary in his house. There must be many precedents for this strange omission from a literary man's library; or, if many of our "standard authors" had a dictionary, they never used it, or used it too poor purpose. Pope, and, indeed, nearly all the poets, could not spell, nor could Sheridan, Dickens, Douglas Jerrold and Charles Lamb; and even Thackeray sometimes forgot the rule—

"Put I before e
Except after c."

An eminent Shakesperean scholar, too, once showed that he had never made the acquaintance of Johnson's dictionary.

Browning, on the other hand, when it was definitely decided that he was to adopt literature as his profession, "qualified himself for it," as Mrs. Sutherland Orr tell us, "by reading and digesting the whole of Johnson's dictionary." This fact explains his mastery of all the intricacies of the English language. By the way, a legal luminary has so high an opinion of that superseded work that he refuses to accept definitions from other sources.

Tennyson is said frequently to consult that odd aid to poesy, a rhyming dictionary, and Wordsworth, like a Byron, constantly made use of vocabularies.

"I never compose," he once said to a visitor, "without having a dictionary at hand, ready to turn to when I want a word."

In that case a dictionary must have been his inseparable companion, and it is not a bad one, neither even for the hypothetical "deserted island." Lord Chatham told one of his friends that he had twice read, from beginning to end, Butler's dictionary. He was rewarded for his trouble. Fox said of his great antagonist that he always used the word, and that each word had its own place and was regulated, not by chance, but by law. In latter life Chatham used to have the dictionary read aloud to him once a year. He said so many noble and useful words fell out of use, which is very true.

Emerson also thought the dictionary "not a bad book to read," though for another reason: "There is no cant in it, no excess of explanation, and it is full of suggestion—the raw material of possible poems and histories. Nothing is wanting but a little shuffling, sorting, ligature, and carriage."

We have a singular illustration of this proposition in the practice of one of our most eminent men of letters. This gentleman affirms that there is no book like a dictionary when anybody is in search of new ideas. If he is stranded when preparing a speech, he turns over a few pages of any dictionary, and there finds ample material for the longest oration.

Many standard dictionaries—such, for instance, as Johnson's and Richardson's in English, and Hederic and Scapula's Greek Thesaurus—have one other recommendation. They are remarkable for the sonorous majesty of their prefaces, which have earned well deserved praise. It was the perusal of a sound scholar and a man of taste that nothing more beautiful was ever written in English than the introduction to Linwood's Lexicon to Æschylus.

Hindoo Time Keepers.—In Hindoo countries where our clocks are imported they are kept and used as ornaments about the room, while for keeping account of time the natives frequently do as they have been accustomed to do all their lives, and measure it in their own way. Thus at some of the out-of-the-way railway stations where English trains stop, a little copper pot in which a small hole has been bored is placed in a tub full of water. It is supposed that it will take an hour's time to fill the little copper pot with the water that leaks through the hole. At any rate, when the pot is filled and sinks, they believe that the hour has gone by, and the policeman at the station picks it out, empties it, and puts it on the top of the water again to measure more time. If it he happens to be deep in a nap, he never makes any allowance for the time the little pot has been left under water. He begins to measure the next hour from the moment he picks it up.

Lewis Cole is a well-known farmer of Union township, Howard county, Ind. Last May he had a drove of fat hogs on his place, which were given free access to an old straw stack, into which the cattle had eaten great holes. The stack fell in and a 200-pound hog was buried underneath. Mr. Cole tried to locate the porcine but failed, and it remained there until the 24th of August, just 90 days, when it was rescued. The hog had dwindled away to the merest skeleton and was barely alive, but upon being fed on milk has recovered full health.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Scientists have measured the thickness of the envelope of the soapy water enclosing the air of the bubble when it becomes so thin as to produce rainbow tints. At the appearance of the shade of violet it was one-fourth the thickness of the length of an ordinary violet wave of light—1 60,000 of an inch—thus making the thickness equal to one 1 240,000 of an inch. As the bubble continued to expand, a black patch formed adjacent to the pipe from which the bubble was being blown, and the thickness of such patch has been found to be only 1 40 of the thickness of the violet section, or about 1-1,000 000 of an inch.

As an Oregon Pacific train, west bound, was three miles east of Lyons, Oregon, the other day, a woman was seen by those in the cars to be shaking her apron violently, evidently for the benefit of one of the passengers. A man riding in the cars recognized the woman, and, though the train was going about 20 miles an hour, jumped to the ground, and, after turning several somersaults, got up, evidently not injured much. On reaching Lyons the cause of the strange proceedings was learned. The man was a saloon-keeper, who was wanted for selling liquor without a license. The woman was his wife, who had walked three miles up the track to give her husband the alarm, in which she had been successful.

Which is the cause, and which is the effect? Twenty-five years ago there were 9,760 doctors in the Japanese Empire, and the annual death rate per thousand of the population was 23. Now there are 40,321 doctors, and the annual death rate per thousand of the population is 23. Are there more doctors because there is more ill health, or is there more ill health because there are more doctors? It looks, in either event, as if the introduction to Japan of western civilization, with all that it entails, had not been wholly beneficial to the genial people, who, thirty years ago, lived in an unknown land, but who are now flooding all Asia with very excellent bottled beer, and with safety matches that are fully as good as the Swedish.

Two Plainfield, N. J., boys, while walking along a road on Friday heard a splash in the bush a short distance off. Upon hurrying to the stream they found a pool about 30 feet long by 20 feet wide and less than two feet deep full of black bass. One of the boys waded in and immediately a lively skirmish ensued. The bass, wishing to escape, "leaped high in the air, and the boy caught a number of them on the fly, and threw them to his companion on the bank." Then the boys started home with their fish, none of which weighed less than a pound and a half. The lads say the pool is cut off from the course of the brook near by, and that during the dry weather the brook had become so low that it ceased to flow through the pool, thus imprisoning the fish. The rain on Saturday night liberated the fish.

Richard Van Horn, of Jackson, Mich., one of the oldest engineers on the Michigan Central Railroad, died lately, and his body was taken to his former home at Marshall, Mich. It was his last wish to be buried there, and that his old engine, "Nine Spot," pull the train. A special train was furnished by the company to take a number of his friends and companions to the scene of the burial, and was pulled by old "Nine Spot." As the word was given to start the train, the engine would not move. The engineer reversed the lever and threw her back, but she would not budge an inch. After examining the machinery for some time, the engineer found nothing whatever the matter. Then the old, seemingly heart-broken machine steamed away. The sets of "Nine Spot" caused much comment among railroad men, and the engineer himself is just a little afraid of her.

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by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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Our Young Folks.

HUNTING THE HOOPOO.

BY EDITH CUTHELL.

THE wood was waking up to life. True, that the bright spring sun shone down on a wilderness of still bare bough. But everyday the sap was rising, and the buds swelling, and the network of delicate green leaves growing more and more visible and defined. The wood was becoming noisy too. Where the catkins hung, green and mossy, from the hasel branches, where the blackthorn showed its snowy blossoms against its dark stems, where the buds were largest and fullest, there were hundreds of tiny voices heard, prattling from dawn to dark. "For lo! the winter is past, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of the birds is come."

There was such a meeting and a greeing! For there were travelers who were returned from far-off lands, old summer visitors once more taking up their accustomed quarters, and the regular inhabitants of the wood all the year round. The latter had such stories to tell of the hard winter and the great snowstorm. Then everyone was very busy; there was so much to be done, places to be chosen, nests to be built. All day long the wood was alive with birds, hopping and flitting from branch to branch.

The wren, being the smallest and sauciest bird in all the neighborhood, was doing the honors of the wood to some fresh arrivals who had congregated near the stream.

"Any news?" asked a flycatcher, a quiet bird in a dull brown suit, with white waistcoat, in a low chirp. "Are the gnats in? I'm come very late this year: but then it's been so cold!"

"I should think they are, indeed! I heard the gardener grumbling about insects already; he'll be glad you've come! The gnats have been dancing in warm corners for ever so long," returned the wren importantly.

"Who's that little conceited creature?" asked a hawfinch, perched on a neighboring hazel branch, of his cousin the chaffinch, and eyeing the wren rather suspiciously.

"Why, don't you know the little wren?" returned the chaffinch. "I suppose it's because you are such a stranger here. You hide away so and are so afraid of everything, and don't show yourself. He lives here all the year round."

"Is that why he gives himself such airs, then?"

"I'm sure I don't know. He's such a little bit of a thing, and can't sing a note," went on the chaffinch contemptuously. "But there is some story of an ancestor of his, in one of the rebellions, having awakened the Royalists just in time, when they were surprised by the enemy, by tapping upon the big drum three times with his beak; and the wrens have been thought very highly of ever since. But they can't sing," and the chaffinch cleared its throat conceitedly and burst into a splendid warble. His cousins the hawfinch and the bunting listened admiringly, the latter searching the while for grubs upon a branch, while up a neighboring tree-trunk a woodpecker sidled slowly down backwards and kept time with its backing.

When it had thoroughly examined that side of the tree, startling the frightened insects out of their holes by the unaccustomed sound, it flew slowly up to the other birds, a fine beetle on the tip of its long little tongue.

"Such imprudence!" it cried, slowly sucking down the tit-bit. "What do you think I have found when I went to hunt up my last year's nest?"

"What?" cried all the others in different notes.

"Why, you remember the trouble I took with my last year's nest, in the old oak-tree? I don't go and build in any hedgerow or forked bit of branch where every schoolboy can see it," he went on, nodding at the finches and the bunting. "Well, I scooped and scraped out a lovely hole, nice and deep and snug. My fledglings were so cosy in it! And this year I thought I would use it over again, to save trouble. So I went and looked it up, and what do you think I found?"

"What?" asked everyone, all their heads cocked expectantly on one side.

"Why, someone had gone and plastered the hole nearly up, so that no decent-sized bird could get in and take possession of it!"

"Ugh!" said all the birds, "what a low trick! No one but a cuckoo would be so mean!"

"It can't be him," said the woodpecker, "the entrance is made too small."

"And, besides, I have not heard him about yet," remarked the yellow bunting. "He soon lets you know if he's come."

"I'm determined to find out who has done this," decided the woodpecker. "After all the trouble I took, I'm not going to be put upon so!"

And he flew slowly off, sweeping up and down, and laughing his low cry; and the ploughman at work beyond the wood said to his mate that there would be rain afore night because the "whet-ile" was a-calling.

The chaffinch and the flycatcher fluttered away to a neighboring corner, where the larch was slowly putting forth her tassels and the willow was in flower. While the flycatcher halted on a stem of the latter, motionless, on the look-out for passing insects humming unconsciously by, the chaffinch met another cousin, a goldfinch, a very smart fellow in his spring dress, and stopped to tell him of the trick played on the woodpecker; a great spotted mistel-thrush perched on a fir-tree near by to hear the story.

"Well, I never," he cried, in his great loud voice; "I should like to see anyone try that on with me! Wouldn't I just give it to them! you'd hear me all over the wood."

"Indeed we should!" remarked the goldfinch; "one can always tell if anyone comes near your nest, you do scold at them so!"

"No one ever wants to catch you for the sake of your song, as they do your cousin the song-thrush, or ourselves," retorted the chaffinch.

"Do you remember the time the magpies tried to take my nest, how we fought!" laughed the missel thrush, and flew off to where he knew there were some berries left on the mistletoe from Christmas.

But on his way he stopped to listen to a new-comer. In the thickest part of the woods, where in a sheltered corner a few leaves were shyly peeping forth, sat a large brown bird, very dull-looking and uninteresting, and of no very elegant form. But yet there was not a song-bird in the wood, thrush, chaffinch, or goldfinch, that did not give place to him. Even the villagers, on spring evenings, were wont to walk up to the wood, on purpose to watch him flitting about the bare boughs and pouring forth his song. For the plain brown bird was a nightingale, the glory of the wood.

But the thrush did not pause to hear him sing. The nightingale was otherwise engaged. Close to him were the wren and his tiny cousin the golden-crested wren, and they were all cross-examining the strangest-looking little bird that the thrush thought he had ever seen. He wore a yellow and black crest on his head and had a bill as long as that of a snipe.

"Who are you?" asked the nightingale.

"Never seen you here before!" put in the wren.

"What a pert little creature!" said the thrush. "Beats the wren for impudence."

And the strange bird nodded his queer little crest and cried, "Hoopoo-poo!"

"What a voice!" said the nightingale. "Beats the chaffinch with his everlasting a very, very little bit of bread and no-o c-h-e-e-s-e!"

"I come from a long way off," the hoopoo continued, from a warm country, and I've never been here before."

"Very likely!" said a nuthatch, a handsome bird with an orange breast and a black bill, which flew up at that moment. "It must be a strange bird who did such a thing; none of us who live here would!"

"And he looks impudent enough for anything," added the golden-crested wren.

The hoopoo tossed his crest scornfully.

"Take one of your nests!" he chirped. "What an idea! Do you imagine I've come here to build. I never build in these cold northern countries. I've only come here by mistake."

"Then you'd better go back again as fast as you came!"

"I don't believe a word he says."

"He's a stranger, and so odd-looking, there's no saying what he mightn't be up too!"

"Hoo-poo-poo-poo!" chirped the hoopoo, nodding his gay crest defiantly.

"You little rascal!" shouted the missel-thrush, "I will make it warm for you."

"I shall go and tell the woodpecker," said the nuthatch, flying off.

"Sneering at our words in that way," remarked the nightingale. "It can't be much of a country you come from, if you are a specimen of a song-bird!" And he burst into a wildly melodious trill, just to astonish the stranger, who, however, only hopped and chirped "Poo-poo-poo!"

"Why, he's laughing at you," said the wren.

"Get along with you," said the missel-thrush, swooping down upon him. "Let's drive him away!"

"Yes, yes," said the wrens. "Fetch the finches and the flycatcher, and tell the woodpecker to hurry!"

"Be off with you, be off with you, you little piece of pertness!" said the nightingale.

"Be off! be off!" twittered the wrens.

"Off you go!" screeched the missel-thrush.

* * * * * *

A few nights later there was an evening party assembled on the edge of the old pond in the wood, where the reeds fringed the shore. The sun was setting in the far, far distance across the swamp. The reed-warbler, who had a deep, carefully-built nest, poised among the rushes, was warbling softly, and the night-jar, emerging noiselessly from the deep retreat where he spent the day, sat uttering his strange cry, like a creaking door, and catching the water insects with his bristle-lined beak. A woodcock, just resting for the night on his way north, flew up from the muddy shore of the pond.

"I saw a hoopoo about here the other day. Never seen one so far north before!"

"That impudent little creature!" said the woodlark; "oh, he has been driven away by a lot of birds who all combined against him."

"Why, what's he done?" asked the nightjar.

"Tut, tut! You lie in bed all day and don't know what goes on in the wood," chirped the woodlark. "He built in the woodpecker's nest!"

"Never," cried the woodcock. "I'm an old traveler and I've known lots of hoopoos. But they don't come up here to build, I'm positive."

"But he did," said the woodlark. "I heard the woodpecker himself say how he found his old nest all plastered up, only a tiny hole left, and——"

"That's the way stories grow, and mischief is made," said a black starling, dropping down on to a bough above them. "You want to know who's taken the woodpecker's nest? I know. I watched, this morning, that little nuthatch running up and down the old oak after insects, with his head hanging downwards. I saw it fix a nut in a chink of the bark and crack it with its beak, and then fly with it into the nest in the old hole, where its mate was sitting. What do you say about the hoopoo now?"

"So much for gossip!" croaked the nightjar, as he flew away. "If that's the way the innocent get punished and the guilty escape, I'm very glad I don't mix with the silly giddy crowd of day-birds!"

THE OLD LADY AND THE TELEGRAPH.—An old lady had given permission for some wires to be placed on her house, where they were supported by a pole. After they had been in position some few weeks, the old lady waited upon the principal telegraph authority, and stated that she had a complaint to make.

"The fact is, sir," she said, "them telegraph messages won't allow me to get any sleep of a night; I lays awake, a tossing about, and can't get a wink for the noise. At first, sir, I didn't mind it so much, and things were not as bad as they are now; but lately sir, there have been a deal more messages. I don't think either, sir, that you are aware of all that's said along them wires; there's much that hadn't ought to be, for I can assure you, sir, that very much that's said there—and I have to lay and listen to—no respectable woman ought to hear. So I've come at last to complain to you, sir, hoping that it may be stopped."

The gentleman to whom this singular complaint was made was of course aware that the noise complained of was the wind in the wires; the messages of a doubtful character were the emanations of a fruitful imagination on the part of the old lady. He, however, pacified her by stating that, in future, young women of great respectability were to be substituted at the offices for the young men who formerly worked there, after which he received no additional complaints from the wakeful and imaginative old dame.

Mrs. Stephen Berry, of Walton, N. Y., was stung on the right temple by a honey bee, and died within 30 minutes of the time when she was stung. According to medical opinions the poison was implanted in an artery.

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Only one person in a thousand dies of old age

A Chinese theatre is talked about for Chicago.

Chinese are engaged in farming in Montana.

The last instance of hanging in chains occurred at Leicester in 1831

The water of about 25 different springs are peddled in Chicago streets.

The Prussian army contains five women who are regimental chiefs.

There are computed to be 300,000 commercial travellers in the United States.

About 18,000,000,000 pins are manufactured in the United States every year.

A Pittsburg man is determined to live to be a century old, or die in the attempt.

A Port Jefferson (N. Y.) young woman is reported to sleep with her eyes open.

Croquet is to be played at night at Norwich, Conn., by the aid of electric lights.

A nailless horse shoe that is fastened to the hoof with a clasp is coming into use in Paris.

Banner county, Neb., boasts of a newborn boy who weighs twenty pounds and a quarter

It is generally agreed among naturalists that the tortoise is the longest lived of all animals

A German scientist estimates that the Dead Sea will be one mass of solid salt within 500 years.

Twenty-five porcupine quills were extracted from the nose of a Franklin county dog the other day.

A prisoner in the Columbus, Ohio, county jail attempted suicide by drinking pounded glass in his coffee

A truck horse in New York, which does its day's work regularly, breathes through a tube inserted in its neck

Fifty-seven thousand five hundred and eleven letters are written in London every day, requiring 30 gallons of ink.

The exclusion of all lottery matter from the mails is said to have reduced the income of the post-office by over $100,000.

It is reported from Quinze Lake, above Temiscamingue, Canada, that an Indian sold his adopted son to a French hunter for $3.

An Arabian marriage, celebrated as it would be in Arabia, is in progress in Cincinnati. It takes three days to get through with the ceremony.

A tree near Jackson, Miss., died about a month after a crowd had used it for lynching purposes, and the people are gravely theorizing the why and wherefore.

White pepper, ground, is adulterated with rice. Turmeric is also added in small quantities to give inferior grades the yellow tinge which marks the best quality.

At Rumford Falls, Me., where not even a log hut stood a year ago, a $10,000 residence is now being built, and 700 men are working upon the mills and other buildings.

A calf belonging to a Nazareth, Pa., farmer, while drinking water from a stream, swallowed a trout, about ten inches long. The fish ran down the calf's throat, causing the animal so much pain that the owner was obliged to kill it.

A Cannonsburg, Pa., woman owns a hen which laid an egg the other day as large as the average goose egg. It fell from the nest, breaking one end of it, when an investigation showed "that there were two eggs, one inside the other."

A party of hunters, a St. Louis exchange says, desiring to rest, laid their guns on a flat rock, near Ironton, Mo. Instantly the guns moved from the rock and leaped toward a huge boulder some few feet distant. The boulder proved to be magnetic iron ore.

Put a buzzard in a pen about six feet square and open at the top, and it is as much a prisoner as though it were shut up in a box. This is because buzzards always begin their flight by taking a short run, and they either cannot or will not attempt to fly unless they can do so.

At the reunion of the One Hundred and Twenty-third Regiment at Salem, Washington county, N. Y., it was stated that the last Confederate killed in the war was shot by the One Hundred and Twenty-third, and the last Union soldier killed by a bullet belonged to that regiment.

Two years ago, when the Shah returned home from Europe, there was no newspapers in Persia, but he was so impressed with their value as agents in the spread of intelligence that he set about founding a few through a Ministry of the Press which he established. Now there are twelve.

A new process, it is stated, has been discovered for making tin plate. An inventor at Braddock, Pa., has been making tests for some time, and finally succeeded in getting a perfect sheet from one dip in the terne. The new process also saves one man on the rolls. A local company, with a capital of $100,000, has been organized to carry on the work by the new process.

INTO THY PRESENCE.

BY POETRY RANGE.

Into thy presence, love, I come,
Not as of old, a tim'rous lad and weak,
With flushing face and eyelids drooping low,
And heart o'er fraught with words I could not speak,—
Words which, alas, no utterance could know,—
Into thy presence, love, I come.

Into thy presence, love, I come,
No servile suitor bending low to kiss
With am'rous joy a nervous, jeweled hand—
Like pigmy page, who finds no higher bliss
Than fawning 'bedience to a lady grand—
Into thy presence, love, I come.

Into thy presence, love, I come;
Thou hast no wiles that can o'erset me now;
The artful eyes that made my temples burn
And hot blood-tides thro' all my being flow,
Fall vainly on a heart that has grown stern;
Into thy presence, love, I come.

RUNNING AMUCK.

Very soon after the English occupation of Singapore and the Malayan race, this immemorial custom of theirs pressed itself most urgently to notice. But English sailors had been acquainted with it so long and so intimately that the expression was used among them at least a century before.

The Malay term is meng amok meaning literally to "run amuck," for the latter word has no significance outside its context. And everybody understands it now to mean rushing forth, armed with some deadly weapon, and slaughtering indiscriminately.

Probably the establishment of the English at Singapore caused great agitation among peoples which are devoutly attached to the creed of Islam, though by no means fanatical; which also cherished the traditions of former greatness much more warmly than now. At any rate, amok murders were frequent, and English officials found them very puzzling as soon as they began to grasp the nature of the crime.

It may be said, in most instances, that running amok is but a horrible form of suicide. That crime is specially forbidden to followers of Mahomet, though it is by no means sure that the prohibition has any influence in this case. Anyhow, a Malay who wishes to shuffle off his mortal coil prefers to cut and stab and shoot his fellow creatures all round rather than perform those operations on himself. It comes to the same thing in the end generally, for he is destroyed like a mad dog, if not taken and hanged. At the same time he will escape if he can, and in that case his madness soon passes.

But no remorse assails him. On the contrary, he feels that he has done the proper thing, and starts on a new lease of existence. If this principle be borne in mind—that to run amok means committing suicide—we have a master key, as it were, to varied motives which seem inconsistent with any theory. Thus, the most frequent cause is gambling. Next, perhaps, comes a sense of wrong, with which must be reckoned that incitement very common at the native courts—delayed promotion or rivalry.

We have heard of several Malays who were roused to fury by losses at the gaming table—in one instance, by cheating, which had been passionately charged against the croupier. But even under such circumstances, when his amok fit came on, the loser turned aside, cut his way through the spectators, leaving two dead, and so, slashing and thrusting, down the campong.

Another instance that occurs to us was that of a man who wanted opium on credit. He did not avenge himself on the Chinaman who refused, but, as usual, upon unoffending passers-by. Regarding it as suicide, this conduct becomes less unintelligible; no other explanation will solve it at all, unless we suppose the man blind or quite out of his senses—which cannot be admitted.

Again, when love is the cause, the same curious result follows. All other peoples roused to murder pitch by this form of despair kill the woman or the rival or both; a Malay kills anybody but these. Insult is a motive not to be forgotten by any means; fear is another.

A boatman of Singapore conveyed two wealthy Chinese merchants to a junk in the harbor which had brought some emigrant coolies, and he went on board with them. The captain had a feast ready for his consignees, in which pork was conspicuous, naturally. They knew the boatman well, and in their rough Chinese fashion asked him, a Mahomedan, to partake. He declined good-humoredly, and when they bored him with boisterous pressing, he returned to his sampan. Presently the merchants joined him, and one said, from the deck, "You needn't have been so particular. I never told of your pork feast at my go-down."

Instantly the Malay sprang up, parang in hand, cut down his insulter—one of those accidents referred to, probably—and leapt on board. Captain and crew jumped over the side like one man. But the hapless coolies, fresh from China, did not understand, and before they could follow the example he had massacred half-a-dozen. A man-o'-war lying close by sent an armed boat instantly; and the amock was shot while searching up and down for more victims.

Intense excitement is another cause. Two Sulus quarrelled over a fish in the market at Sugh, and drew their krises. Each seized the other's right arm—they wrestled, fell, and continued their struggle on the ground. Doubtless it was a thrilling scene. Among the crowd surging round them, one, a stranger to both, went amok, and then another, a stranger to all three, followed suit. The original combatants promptly made peace, and ran after the maniacs, killing both—but seven harmless persons lay dead, besides the wounded.

The theory of suicide does not apply in cases like these, but they are rare; we account for them by the prevalence of the amok impulse. It is in the air when Malays assemble, and breaks out unaccountably. Fear will summon it, and the consciousness, allied to fear, that things are in desperate case. The Illanum and Sulu pirates could work themselves into an amok when attacking a formidable prey—that is, some of them could, for the power is not given to all.

Grains of Gold.

Sham pleasures are the ones that cost the most.

The man who has wealth has a master.

Success anywhere requires singleness of purpose.

There is nothing more frightful than a bustling ignorance.

No man is any stronger than the weak spot in his character.

One of the easiest things to believe is a pleasing lie about ourselves.

The best thing to do when we can not see in any other direction is to look straight up.

If you have never been in adversity you have never found who your real friends are.

The man who is quarrelling with his lot in life is helping to make himself miserable.

The man who puts heart into everything he does is watched by angels when he works.

No man can ever break any of the other commandments while he is keeping the first one.

Getting men to be selfish is one of the principal ways the devil has of getting them to become his.

The difference between a wise man and a fool is that the fool's mistakes never teach him anything.

You can take it for granted that no man will grow much in grace so long as he can have everything his own way.

The rich, as we reckon them, and among them the very rich, in a true scale would be found very indigent and needy.

Femininities.

What young men like and old men don't like. The coming of age.

In Finland women consider a kiss on the lips the greatest insult, even from a lover.

A man never has so great a trouble as when he has one he can't blame on any one else.

The London Geographical Society and the Zoological Society both admit women as Fellows.

About the most miserable man in the world is the one who is expected to laugh at the joke of a story he has heard before.

Ethel: "You remind me of my piano lamp." Stalate: "How so?" "No matter how much it is turned down, it doesn't go out."

Cliquout, known as "the human ostrich," is reported to have swallowed a watch, and allows people to listen to it ticking in his chest, for the small sum of one dime.

In a sixteen-page love-letter exhibited in court the other day, the word "darling," occurred thirty-seven times, and yet the girl in the case said it was a "cold, unfeeling epistle."

Willie: "I didn't see anything funny last night about that fellow's moustache." Mrs. McLean: "What are you talking about?" "I heard sister tell him that it tickled her half to death."

About the only difference between the girl who gets her education at home and the one who goes away to school is that the home-made girl says "flats!" and the other one raises her eyebrows.

Mrs. Edward McManaman, of Salt Springs, Nova Scotia, has given birth to triplets, two boys and a girl. This is the third time in succession that this lady has thus distinguished herself.

Mrs. Kate Pier, Court Commissioner of Milwaukee, married Jacob Yondall and Adelpena Hanson, of Chicago, a few days ago. They were the first couple to be married by a woman in Milwaukee.

Mrs. Winks: "Why do you hate Deacon De Goode so?" Mrs. Minks: "He lost patience with a crying baby in a railway train." "Most any man will do that." "Yes; but it was my baby."

Mrs. Hannah Dober, mother of five little Tacoma Dobers, has invented a machine that bathes, rinses, drips, dries and spanks the entire Dober brood simultaneously by the simple turning of a crank.

Men need wives who are in love with them. Simple tolerance is not enough to stand the strain of married life; and to marry where you cannot freely love is to commit an act of dishonesty and injustice.

Ella: "Pa says we can't marry for ten years. But don't look so sad, George; you are young yet." George: "Yes, I know I am, dearest. I wasn't thinking of myself, but of you, love." It was at once put off indefinitely.

"When I marry," said a budding schoolgirl, "I'll want a tall fine looking man." "There's where you're wrong, sis," said her more practical sister. "You'll have less trouble watching an ugly man, and enjoy more of his company."

In the market town of Dos Aquas, at Valencia, in Spain, a duel was fought the other day between two ladies who had the misfortune to fall in love with the same man. It was a duel with pistols. At the third shot the younger of the two duellists fell with a bullet through her right lung. She is only seventeen.

The Dowager Queen of Portugal is passionately fond of shooting, and spends a great deal of time, while at her country place, on the seaboard of Caldas, in amusing herself by aiming with a rifle from a high window at bottles thrown into the sea for that purpose. She is said to be a remarkably expert markswoman.

War between rival dry goods dealers at Zanesville, Ohio, over corset sales, led to a mob of women taking possession of both stores, breaking show cases and counters, and compelling the owners of the stores to close their doors. The rivalry has been going on for some time past, and corsets were finally sold for one cent a pair.

An old bachelor said: "There's more jewelry worn nowadays than when I was young; but there's one piece that I always admired which I seldom see now." "What is that?" asked a young lady. "A silver thimble" was the reply. He was regarded with contempt and scorn by every lady in the room for the rest of the evening.

Mrs. Gadder: "I'm happy to inform you that I have been converted—got religion, as they say." Mrs. Tawker: "I'm glad, and yet I'm rather disappointed, too." Mrs. G.: "Why so?" Mrs. T.: "Because I had a choice piece of scandal to tell you, and now I suppose it won't do for you to listen to it." Mrs. G.: "Oh, go on and tell it. I'm not to be baptized till next Sunday."

Miss Blanche M. Kroeson, of Columbus, Ohio, returned home hurriedly from an Eastern visit a short time ago, and informed her parents that she had a premonition that she would die in a few days. They tried to rid her of her notion, but she only became more positive, and gave orders for her funeral. Two days after reaching home she was taken ill with typhoid fever and on Sunday she died.

Masculinities.

Mr. Gibbs, of Paterson, N. J., has smoked 100 consecutive cigarettes on a bet.

The honeymoon has waned when the bride stops telling things and begins to ask questions.

Baron Fairfax, who resides in Virginia, is believed to be the only native American Baron.

M. E. Galladay, of Holden, Mo., is said to be a lineal descendant of the original Mother Goose.

Young men should be careful about dropping remarks. They may be picked up by a bigger man.

A scientific man abroad has succeeded in tracing all of a man's diseases to the fact that he wears clothes.

A young man who married a "butterfly of fashion" was unable, a year later, to provide "grub" for his butterfly.

Stage Manager (sternly): "Stop that raspy noise! When you bray, bray like a real ass. Hee-haw! Imitate me."

One of Mr. Gladstone's favorite amusements evenings is a game of backgammon, which he plays with Mr. Rendel.

Unless an Austrian gains the consent of his wife he cannot get a passport to journey beyond the frontier of his own country.

A lover has been pithily described as a man who, in his anxiety to obtain possession of another, has lost possession of himself.

A lady lately had her likeness taken by a photographist, who executed it so well that her husband prefers it to the original.

Rockland, Me., burglars accidentally dropped a roll of bills amounting to $150 in Mr. Robinson's house and went off without any plunder.

An Atchison, Kas., woman has brought up chickens on the bugs collected from the machinery at the electric-light station every morning.

Mistress: "You know how to make bread, I presume?" New Girl: "No, mum. No use learnin' such things till after I gets married."

Philosophers have noticed that when a man makes up his mind that he has to practice economy he generally tries to begin with his wife's expenses.

The gentleman, so often mentioned in novels, who riveted people with his gaze has now obtained permanent employment at a boiler manufactory.

A Chicopee, Mass., man, who has just died at the age of 75, used to boast that he never voted, could not read or write, and that he never rode on a railroad.

Watch the little things. Clean collars and shoes are mighty small items in a man's outfit; but their lack is enough to ruin all the effect of his other expenditure.

What the belated husband needs is a keyhole as large as a horse collar, so that he can stick his head through it and call his wife to come down and open the door.

There is a large carriage manufactory in New York in which the chief art decorator is a woman, Caroline Kilby, who has 20 women employed in the department which she controls.

Johnny: "Mamma, can't you tell me a new fairy story?" Mrs. Bragge: "I don't know any new ones, Johnny. Maybe your father will tell me some when he comes in to-night."

The man who talks everlastingly and promiscuously, who seems to have an exhaustless magazine of sound, crowds so many words into his thoughts, that he always obscures, and very frequently conceals them.

There are 3,000,000 marriageable young men in this country who seem to be in no hurry about settling down, and there are about as many young women who are wondering what is the matter with the men.

Cholly: "I proposed to Miss Peachblow yesterday and was accepted." Chappie: "Congratulations, deah boy." Cholly: "But the engagement was broken off to-day." Chappie: "Congratulations, deah boy."

When a young man comes home and does a great deal of whispering to his mother it is a sign that his wife doesn't suit him. The only secrets most men confide to their mothers are complaints against their wives.

Tutter: "Awfully pretty baby of yours, Bender, but—er—what is it, a boy or girl?" Bender: "Can't you tell it's a girl?" "No. How on earth do you tell?" "Can't you see? She's reaching up to put her mother's hat on straight."

An Effectual Cure for the Tooth-Ache.—Take sixty drops of creosote or spirits of tar, sixty drops of laudanum, 120 of sweet spirits of nitre; mix well. A piece of lint dipped into this mixture and applied to the tooth, will not fail to effect a cure.

How is it that when you ask your wife to throw you down your shoes from the top of the stairs they only come half-way, while the mere dropping of one of them on the top step late at night by yourself will land it at the bottom of the stairs with rocket enough to wake the dead?

PUNISHING SAILORS.

In the matter of punishments at the present day the English sailor has a much greater variety than "Tommy Atkins." Although the days of flogging are past, and the severe and inhuman cruelties which were formerly inflicted by martinet and merciless captains have long been abolished, some of the offences of tars and their punishment may still be interesting.

Breaking leave—in sailors's parlance, "stretching it"—and drunkenness are the two offences for which the majority figure in the defaulter's book. When a seaman comes on board intoxicated he is put into the cockpit or "flats;" and if noisy, put in irons until he is sober. The irons, it may be said in passing, consists of two steel bracelets and two anklets, and these are fastened together by a heavy chain weighing from sixteen to thirty pounds; the whole forming the "jewelry" the noisy culprits are compelled to wear. He who breaks his leave goes to his work as usual. Both classes of offenders have their names entered in the defaulters' book, and are marshalled on the quarter-deck next morning to receive punishment When the bugle sounds the "Cornish Mill," each man must answer to his name—to be "stretched off," as it is termed—when read from the defaulters' book by the master-at-arms, before the Captain and the Commander. Usually, the sentence for a first offence of drunkenness is to have one day's pay stopped for every six hours the culprit was unfit for duty. If on this occasion it should be a second offence, in addition to this the offender loses any stripe or badge he may have and is also "black-listed." If the offence is continued, the punishment is doubled when possible, and the culprit is sometimes confined to cells or imprisoned on shore.

The punishment for being absent "over leave," for a first offence, is a day's pay stopped for every six hours over the time for returning. If the offence is repeated, the additional punishments are, being black listed or confined to cells, and one day's leave stopped for every six hours' absence. According to conduct, the man enjoys one of four classes of leaves: Special, Privilege, General, and Habitual. Special leave is an allowance of every other night ashore; Privilege, twice each week—Thursday and Sunday; General, once each month; Habitual, once in ninety days. Being "black listed" means that the seaman has his grog stopped, is not allowed to smoke, is put back into a lower class for leave, and has to work in all his spare time. Another punishment for minor offences is "10 A"—that is, having to eat all your meals on the upper deck, being employed between watches in the daytime holystoning or cleaning bright metal-work; and when in harbor, standing from eight till ten at night facing the ship's side, aft; in addition to having the grog stopped and not being allowed to smoke. The other seamen are allowed to "enjoy the weed forrards" in the forecastle meal-times and in the evening. At nine o'clock every morning the bugle sounds "Divisions"—that is, the inspection by the Lieutenant of Divisions—on Sunday by the Captain. This is for the purpose of seeing that every man is clean and tidy and in the "full rig of the day." Should the officer be of opinion that a seaman requires a shave, that his silk is not tied as per regulation, or the tapes sewn on the collar too close, he will order the man to appear for punishment next morning. The sentence is generally the same as for breaking leave; but sometimes when a seaman is not shaved properly, he is ordered to stand on the quarter-deck during dining-time, and afterwards allow the ship's barber to shave him there—not an easy shave by any means.

While the Divisions inspection is proceeding on the upper deck, the Commander goes below to see that the mess is properly scrubbed out, and the mess-traps, hook-pots, kettles, &c., polished and in their proper place. Each mess numbers from sixteen to twenty men; these are divided into two watches, and one from each watch is appointed cook for the day, each man taking his turn. This cook draws the meat from the steward, the cocoa for breakfast, &c., from the ship's cook, makes the pie or stew for dinner, lays out the table, &c., and after each meal clears up for inspection. Should any fault be found with the appurtenances of the mess by the Commander, the cook for the day receives the punishment.

Another tour of inspection is made by the Commander at nine P. M., principally to see that all naked lights are out. If a hammock is found down on the deck instead of being strung up in its place, the owner has to carry it about the next evening from eight till ten. Similarly, the owner of any bag the number of which is not properly polished has to carry the bag and all its contains for a couple of hours at night on deck.

If found washing clothes on any other but washing nights—twice each week—a seaman will be ordered to carry the article on a boat-hook round the upper deck until it is dry. As the officer of the watch is the Judge as to when all the moisture has evaporated, it is as well to be on good terms with him.

If a seaman should leave any article of clothes out of his bag, it is appropriated by the man in charge of the deck, and deposited in what is called the "scran-bag." This is opened once a week, and each sailor who is the happy owner of anything contained therein is mulct in the value of one piece of soap for each article bagged.

These are the minor offences and punishments. If, however, a seaman persists in getting tipsy or breaking leave, then—should the vessel be in harbor—he is sentenced to imprisonment with hard labor for terms varying according to the offence.

NATURAL GAS.

Natural Gas can scarcely be regarded as a modern discovery, for, like many of our inventions, it is said to have been known amongst the Chinese long ago. In its modern utilization, however, much originality may be fairly claimed by us. The first that is heard of it in the States was in the year 1815, when it was found in Charlestown.

Some six years later, a story is told of a woman going out one dark night to draw water at a place called Fredonia, in New York State: when she put down her lantern, much to her consternation a spring of gas by the well took fire. In 1824, when Lafayette passed through the same neighborhood, in honor of the occasion, Taylor House, where he stayed, was illuminated with the gas laid on by pipes direct from the earth. The great reservoirs of natural gas were first tapped in the process of boring Artesian wells. As soon as one of the drills reached a certain depth, the whole apparatus was blown high up into the air, and the gas escaped by the vent with a roar that could be heard from afar.

One gentleman boring for water met with this experience, and, having no other use for the gas, stuck a tall pipe into the hole, applied a light to the top, when the flame shot upwards, and thus created a beacon-fire which illuminated the country round for miles. Years afterwards, this light was still burning, and probably may be seen to this day.

The city best known for the supply and utilization of natural gas is Pittsburgh. At a place called Murraysville, some twenty miles off, gas was struck about the year 1874 by men who were boring for oil; and after it had been allowed to "blow off" and run to waste for three years, it began to dawn on men's minds that this gas might be turned to some account. Very soon afterwards Pittsburgh was connected with the well by a pipe, and the gas began to be utilised in that busy city.

As soon, however, as the discovery became known, there was a rush on the new region. Land that had been almost valueless suddenly rose to fabulous prices; the old search for mineral oil was abandoned, and every one was prospecting for natural gas. Waste lands became populous villages; sleepy towns, that were almost unknown, got a "boom" on account of their proximity to the wells, and suddenly woke up to find they were prosperous cities.

On the discovery of gas at Tarentum, twenty miles from Pittsburgh in another direction, that little town suddenly became densely populated, and is now a large manufacturing centre. A similar cause raised the population of Findlay, in Ohio, which stood in 1884 at 4500, to 10,000 by the spring of 1887. At the end of the same year it had increased to 18,000, and the year following to 30,000.

But to return to Pittsburg. Twenty years ago a heavy black cloud of smoke ever overhung the city, much as it overhangs Chicago now, through the abundant consumption of soft coal. At the present time the atmosphere is bright and clear, and scarcely a smoky chimney is to be seen. If you inquire how this has been brought about, you will be told that natural gas has driven coal out of the field. The extent of the new industry may be imagined when we find one company has nearly a million dollars sunk in wells and pipes for conveying the gas. From an account written five years ago we learn there were then six hundred miles of piping laid down in the neighborhood of Pittsburgh, whilst the daily consumption of gas represented ten thousand tons of coal; still it was estimated that seventy million cubic feet, equal to seventy thousand bushels of coal, were running to waste every day. In the present year, the supply of gas is said to be "overwhelming," and one company has had to shut down three wells in order to adapt the supply to the carrying capacity of the pipes.

The depth at which the gas is struck in the neighborhood now described is about thirteen hundred feet. The sudden uprush of the gas when first tapped is so great that the difficulties to be overcome in controling it are enormous. Sometimes it catches fire, and to extinguish the roaring flame is a very serious business.

Independently of the danger of ignition there is still the enormous pressure to contend with, seldom less than two hundred or two hundred and fifty pounds on the square inch, and sometimes even reaching five hundred pounds.

When finally brought under control, the gas is conveyed in the ordinary way by wrought-iron pipes from ten to sixteen inches in diameter. In the twenty miles between the wells and Pittsburg there are at intervals stations where the pressure is regulated by means of safety-valves, and stacks of waste pipes burn the superfluous gas with greater or less fierceness day and night. In the course of its journey the pressure of the gas is reduced by friction to the extent of about seven pounds per mile, so that a pressure of two hundred pounds at the base would cease to exert itself at a distance of thirty miles.

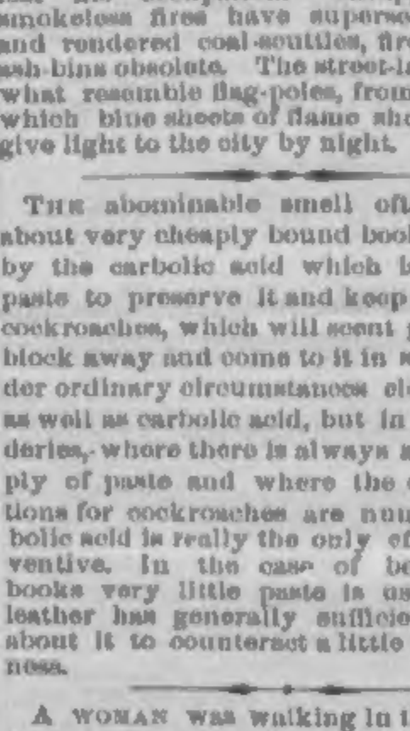
When it reaches Pittsburgh, the gas is made use of in every conceivable way. For supplying furnaces it is far more valuable than coal; on account of the absence of sulphur in the fuel, it turns out a much finer sample of steel. The manufacture of glass and all large industries are now largely dependent on gas. The change produced by the substitution of gas for coal is very striking. Instead of the grimy sulphureous atmosphere to be met with in our large foundries, we find in a Pittsburg shop the air is clear and unoppressive, and the men's faces and clothes are tolerably white and clean. The economy in another way may be gauged by the fact that boilers which in former days needed a hundred firemen and coal-heavers to attend to them can now be looked after by one man. In private houses quite a revolution has been effected by the introduction of natural gas. It gives light to the house by night, and supplies all the heat required in sitting-rooms and kitchen. The coal dealer is dispensed with, smoky chimneys are troubles of a bygone age, coal-dust is conspicuous by its absence, and the chimney-sweep has lost his occupation. Cheap, cheerful, smokeless fires have superseded stoves and rendered coal-scuttles, fire-irons, and ash-bins obsolete. The street-lamps somewhat resemble flag-poles, from the tops of which blue sheets of flame shooting forth give light to the city by night.

THE abominable smell often noticed about very cheaply bound books is caused by the carbolic acid which is put in the paste to preserve it and keep it free from cockroaches, which will scent pure paste a block away and come to it in shoals. Under ordinary circumstances cloves will do as well as carbolic acid, but in book-binderies, where there is always a good supply of paste and where the other attractions for cockroaches are numerous, carbolic acid is really the only effectual preventive. In the case of better bound books very little paste is used, and the leather has generally sufficient perfume about it to counteract a little unpleasantness.

A WOMAN was walking in the streets of Boston a short time ago carrying a box of pencils, and around her neck was a card, on which was printed, "Help the Blind." As she walked along she seemed to take much pleasure in looking at the pretty things in the store windows.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

PURIFIES AS WELL AS Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 40 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canadas, and Europe. FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

NEVER FAILS TO RELIEVE PAIN.

It surpasses all other remedies in the wonderful power which it possesses of curing

RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

For Sprains, Bruises, Backache, Pain in the Chest or Sides, Colds, Congestions, Inflammations, Lumbago, Sciatica, Headache, Toothache, or any other Pain, a few applications act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

MALARIA IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS CURED and PREVENTED.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

A CURE FOR ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS!

DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA, CHOLERA MORBUS.

A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach and bowels will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure.

Price 50c. per bottle. Sold by druggists.

BE SURE TO GET "RADWAY'S."

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

For the Cure of Chronic Diseases.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure.

Sold by all Druggists. One Dollar a Bottle.

BE SURE TO GET "RADWAY'S."

RADWAY'S PILLS,

An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach or Bowels.

Perfect digestion will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning. By so doing

DYSPEPSIA,

SICK HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from disease of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried or difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pains in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25 CENTS per box. Sold by all druggists.

If your druggist or storekeeper does not happen to have Radway's Pills on hand, send 25 cts. for one box or $1 for five boxes of Pills, to Radway & Co., 32 Warren st., New York, and WE WILL SEND THEM BY MAIL.

TRUE SCIENCE
AT LAST!

The leading medical practitioners, up to the present time, are all agreed that the practice of medicine cannot be considered a science in any sense. They claim it as an art. Knowing whereof I am speaking, I boldly affirm that within the past year, I have made a

Bona Fide Discovery

that puts the treatment of

CHRONIC DISEASE

upon a scientific basis as solid as that upon which geometry and the higher mathematics rest. And what is infinitely more to the point, the discovery can be utilized in every home, whether farm or city mansion, with equally beneficent results since it is simply the

ABSORPTION OF OZONE BY INHALATION.

Now OZONE is admitted by all expert scientists to be the one all-important element to counteract disease; the mistaken notion of the graduated physicians that there are a multiplicity of diseases, each one requiring a different remedy, is being rapidly exploded by the triumphant theory that there is but one *disease*, namely, a lack of vitality that is generally felt by the weakest organ in the body, which weakness, if continued, congests and causes the gradual decay of that organ, resulting finally in death. OZONE is the GREATEST ANTISEPTIC in the Universe and the only element that can arrest and cure that decay; by my discovery it can be had in any desirable quantity and can be used at home everywhere. All victims of disease should investigate with a view of ascertaining that my remedy has POSITIVELY cured cases parallel to their own. No remedy extant has such a magnificent record of so many different cures. Reference of absolute cures of

Hay Fever,
Catarrh,
Dyspepsia,
Epilepsy,
Suppressed or Difficult Menstruation,
Rheumatism, Leucorrhœa,
Bronchitis,
Nervous Exhaustion,
Consumption, Tumors, Etc.,

can be had at my office and every physician who handles my remedy can testify that my claims are all perfectly justified by fact.

Beware of Cholera!

Unless you are fortified by OZONE inhalations you are in danger, but if

Helmer's Bi-Ozone Cure

is at hand you can laugh and snap your fingers at it. It spells health both backward and forward and if in the language of a prominent writer (the editor of a magazine) it can "lift twenty years off HIS shoulders it can do the same for you and all others as well."

One free trial at office. Pamphlet free by mail.

N. HELMER, Chemist, 823 Broadway, Southeast Corner 12th Street, New York City.
BROOKLYN OFFICE: Dr. S. SILSBEE, N. W. cor 5th Avenue and 17th Street.
BRIDGEPORT OFFICE: Dr. H. M. DICKINSON, 139 Fairfield Avenue.
Dr. W. W. CLARK, Sole Agent for Ohio, 207 East Broad St., Columbus, Ohio.

Recent Book Issues.

In the Fair Library, published by Worthington Co., 747 Broadway N. Y., has just been issued "One Year;" translated from the Swedish. It is a love story out of the common and of deep interest.

"Enthralled and Released," translated by Dr. Raphael from the German of E. Werner, is one of the best novels of the German school that has been given to the world in some time. It is illustrated by a number of first class pictures. Published by Worthington Co., New York.

HENRY WARD BEECHER once went in search of a brief rest to a small fishing village, where his appearance was apparently unknown. When Sunday came round he went to the morning service at the Congregational Church, and was not a little astonished to hear the preacher for the day, a very young man, rattle off one of his (Beecher's) best sermons as an original discourse. At the conclusion of the service the great preacher waited for a chat with the young man. "Might I ask you how long it took you to compose the sermon you preached to us this morning?" inquired its real author. "Oh, about six or seven hours," was the rejoinder. "You must be a very smart young man," said Beecher, "for it took me just five days to write that self-same sermon." After a careful but unblushing scrutiny of the great pulpit orator, the youth remarked: "I guess you're Ward Beecher, then?" A grave nod was the only response. Then the juvenile apostle put out his hand and, grasping that of his celebrated listener, exclaimed: "Look here, Mr. Beecher, you just go on writing sermons like that. As long as you do I'll never be ashamed to preach them."

VALUE OF THE WILLOW.—The importance of the willow to man has been recognized from the earliest ages; and ropes and baskets made from willow-twigs were probably among the very first of human manufactures in countries where these trees abound. The Romans used these twigs for binding their vines and tying their needs in bundles, and making all sorts of baskets with them. A crop of willows was considered so valuable in the time of Cato, that he ranks the salictum, or willow-field, next in value to the vineyard and the garden. In France, the leaves, whether in a green or dried state, are considered the very best food for cows and goats; and horses, in some places are fed entirely on them from the end of August till November. Horses so fed, it is stated, will travel twenty leagues a day, without being fatigued. In the north of Sweden and Norway, and in Lapland, the inner bark is kiln-dried, and ground, for the purpose of mixing with oatmeal in years of scarcity. The bark of the willow, and also the leaves are astringent; and the bark of most sorts may be employed in tanning.

A QUEER DUEL.—There is a curious duel now pending in Boston which began ten years ago. Mr. A——, a bachelor, challenged Mr. B——, a married man with one child, who replied that the conditions were not equal—that he must necessarily risk more with his life than the other, and he declined. A year afterwards he received a challenge from Mr. A——, who stated that he too had now a wife and child, and he supposed therefore the objection of Mr. B—— was no longer valid. Mr. B—— replied that he now had two children—consequently the inequality still existed. Next year Mr. A—— renewed his challenge, having now two children also; but his adversary had three. The matter when last heard of was still going on, the numbers being six to seven, and the challenge yearly renewed.

SQUALOR.—Squalor is the outward expression of hopeless and unrelieved poverty. But it is not needed for the poor man's house to be squalid. On the contrary, with industry and care, and the bright service of a healthy wife, the tiniest cottage may at times be an abode in which the most dainty could pass a short time with pleasure. On the other hand, many houses become squalid without the excuse, miserable as it is, of abject poverty. Thus, while we may fairly rank poverty as a main cause of squalor, it is not absolute absence of money which is the chief cause. Cleaning is neglected; and whatever be the building, and however it be finished and furnished, in which constant cleaning is omitted dust accumulates, unexplained stains make their appearance, and a progress, more or less rapid as the case may be, sets up towards decay and dilapidation.

BOWLES: "Did Bullion give you a vacation?"

KNOWLES: Two weeks. But I won't go back to work for him again unless he retracts his words."

BOWLES: "What did he say?"

KNOWLES: "He said not to come back after the two weeks were over."

IN SOLID FORM.—A Berlin firm are supplying essences and powders, which, with the addition of water, become brandy, rum, gin, &c.

THE "LIFT-CURE."—It is not enough to enjoy life yourself; indeed selfish enjoyment is always incomplete. Give your overladen companions a lift with their loads. The "lift cure," from a moral point of view, is a most significant phrase. Live while you live by helping others to enjoy life. Life is made up of little things; therefore do the little things which spread sunshine around your path. Hope, help, love these are good words to speak and to hear spoken—good at the beginning of the year, good throughout the year, good at its close. Whether life be long or short, live while you live, not for yourself alone, but for yourself and for others.

Cholera.

It should not be forgotten that Radway's Ready Relief has been of great efficacy in curing cases of cholera morbus and bowel complaints, nausea, vomiting and empty retchings. It allays the most violent cramps and spasms, it infuses warmth to the cold and shrivelled extremities, and restores strength and vigor to the whole system, thereby rendering Radway's Ready Relief a most valuable medicine to be used on the first symptoms, as a means of protecting the system against cholera; and in the event of an attack of cholera, doing something of a safe nature until the arrival of a physician.

RADWAY & CO.,
32 Warren street, New York.

ABOUT GIRLS Rare book, 100 pages. Richly illustrated. Covers, 50c. Globe Book Co., Chicago, Ill.

YOUR FUTURE REVEALED. Written prediction of your life, 10c. Give date of birth. Astrologer, Box 326, Kansas City, Mo.

MATRIMONIAL PAPER
Containing nearly 300 advertisements (with residences) of ladies and gentlemen wishing correspondents. Copy in plain sealed wrapper 10c.
HEART and HAND, 69 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Fits, Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, causing insanity, misery, decay, death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Impotency, Leucorrhœa and all Female Weaknesses, Involuntary Losses, Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of brain, self-abuse, over-indulgence. A month's treatment, $1, 6 for $5, by mail. We Guarantee six boxes to cure. Each order for 6 boxes, with $5 will send written guarantee to refund if not cured. Guarantee issued only by FENNERTY, McCLURE & Co., Sole Agents, 136 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia, Premier Artists IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 20, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA,
I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.
A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.
I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.
Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by
DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STEET.
GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

BEATTY PIANOS. ORGANS. $30 up. Want ag'ts. Cat. free. Dan'l F. Beatty, Wash'ton, N.J.

SPEND YOUR VACATION ON THE GREAT LAKES.

Visit picturesque Mackinac Island. It will only cost you about $18 from Detroit or $15 from Cleveland for the round trip, including meals and berths. The attractions of a trip to the Mackinac region are unsurpassed. The island itself is a grand, romantic spot; its climate is most invigorating. Save your money by traveling between Detroit and Cleveland, via the D. & C. Line. Fare, $2 25. This division is equipped with two new steamers, "City of Detroit" and "City of Cleveland," now famous as the largest and most magnificent on fresh water. Leave every night, arriving the following morning at destination, making sure connection with all morning trains. Palace steamers, four trips per week between Detroit, Mackinac, Petoskey, the "Soo" and Marquette. Send for illustrated pamphlet. Address A. A. Schantz, G. P. A., Detroit & Cleveland Steam Nav. Co., Detroit, Mich.

TO PLAY MUSIC
WITHOUT STUDY!

THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

Its cheapness and usefulness would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as SOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PILES Remedy Free. INSTANT RELIEF. Final cure in 10 days. Never returns; no purge; no salve; no suppository. A victim tried in vain every remedy has discovered a simple cure, which he will mail free to his fellow sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, Box 3220, New York City, N. Y.

Weak Men INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 10 days; never returns. I will send (sealed) FREE to my fellow-sufferers a prescription to enlarge small weak organs. A sure cure for Emissions, Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Varicocele, etc. Address, with stamp, L. A. Franklin, Music Dealer, Marshall, Mich.

PUGET SOUND is the Coming Great Country, and the Pacific Coast Terminus of the Great Northern Railway is inevitably its Greatest City. Finest location, best harbor, greatest resources and most substantial growth. Investments placed through us now are on a basis that insures a PROFIT OF FROM 100 TO 300 PER CENT in the next two years. Our Inside Water Front Property, close to the business center, at from $200 TO $350 per lot on EASY TERMS, Cannot be equalled as a SAFE AND RAPID MONEY-MAKING proposition. We also negotiate choice Mortgage Loans and Municipal Securities. We are willing to guarantee any investment placed by us for a share of the profits. Highest Eastern and Western Bank References. For Maps, Pamphlets, etc., address the

FAIRHAVEN

WASHINGTON IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, Fairhaven, Washington.

Humorous.

ONLY ONCE.

It was a pitiful mistake,
An error sad and grim;
I waited for the railway train,
The light was low and dim.

It came at last, and from the car
There stepped a dainty dame,
And looking up and down the place,
She straight unto me came.

"O Jack!" she cried; "oh, dear old Jack!"
And she kissed me as she spake;
Then looked again, and frightened cried,
"Oh! what a bad mistake!"

I said: "Forgive me, maiden fair,
That I am not your Jack,
And as regards the kiss you gave,
I'll straightway give it back."

And since that night I have often stood
On the platform lighted dim;
But only once in a man's whole life
Do such things come to him.

—U. N. Nonn.

Honeymoon Cookery.

"And so my little wife cooked this all herself? What does she call it?"

"Well, I started it for bread, but after it came out of the oven I concluded I'd better put sauce on it and call it pudding."

It is said that the guillotine is the most successful remover of dandruff.

The flounder is a fish that requires plenty of seasoning, and even then it is flat.

He: "Don't you think my photograph is a good likeness?" She: "Really, I am afraid it is."

The mosquito bill is one of the measures which goes into effect immediately after its passage.

Attalie: "Did Chollie Bohrman enjoy his vacation at the seaside?" Amelia: "I don't know, but his friends in town did."

"These apples are not fit for a hog to eat," said a kid-gloved dandy to an apple-woman. "You jest try one and see!" she retorted.

Voice from the gallery at the minstrels: "Chestnuts!" Interlocutor, affably: "That's right, sir; if you don't see what you want ask for it."

Professor: "Wait, wait. You are playing that part too loud. Don't bang so." Maidem: "Oh, don't worry about that, professor; the piano is a hired one."

A Parisian dentist had made several attempts to draw a lady's tooth, and finding that he must give it up, he apologised by saying, "The fact is, madam, it is impossible for anything bad to come out of your mouth."

"Where's that blamed old flag you hang out to show there's going to be dry weather?" demanded the signal officer of his assistant. "We put it up the other day," replied the assistant prophet, "and a rain storm came and washed it away."

Customer: "Look here. The first time I used this miserably cheap umbrella I bought of you the black dye soaked out and dripped all over me." Goldenberger: "Mein frent, that was our new patent self-detective umbrella. If any one should steal that you'd know him by his clothes."

"No, sir," said the man in the brown suit, "we are not quite in the same line of business. The company you work for insures; mine assures. See? Yours is fire; mine is life. You represent insurance; I represent assurance." "Certainly," assented the man in gray; "anybody can see that."

"You keep dictionaries, I suppose?" he said, in response to the clerk's polite inquiry as to what he wished. "Yes, sir. We have all of them. Is there any special dictionary you would like to look at?" "You have all kinds, you say?" "Yes, sir." "Then you may show me the bright lexicon of youth which has no such word as fail."

"Sir," said a noble lord to his young chaplain, who had preached a sermon of great length, "there were some things in your sermon of to-day I never heard before." "O, my lord," said the flattered chaplain, "it is a common text, and I could not have hoped to have said anything new on the subject." "I heard the clock strike twice," was the reply.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

The new autumn and winter colors are finally fixed upon and named, and while a few of the colors and shades have a familiar look they have new names, which makes them all that could be desired. In the light evening tints rose leaf pink, sky blue and glacier gray will be the chief colors with white and cream. There are Kremlin gray, platina slate, nickele, schille, and grays Nos. 1, 2 and 3, being different shades of light to dark gray, and there is also silver gray, which has not been seen for several years. Steel gray and gourn both have a metallic sheen.

In green there are serpent, old sage, melisse (which is a sort of mignonette shade), Honore, Portsmouth and mollusk, as well as resida, ivy and two shades of myrtle, besides moss olive, couronoon, or parrot, and two shades of bronze green. All of the greens, except ivy, are in very soft tints, which will blend with almost any color of other goods as a combination.

In blues there is the Baltic, a light gray blue with a metallic luster; Mars, which is a trifle bluer, but still with a gray tinge; Cronstadt, which looks like a pair of new scissors; Alpine, which is a pretty, light indigo; marine, which has a purplish shade, and peacock and Russian blue in two shades, and navy in three shades, from A to C.

There are twenty-six distinct shades of brown, from Cendre, to seal, all of them having the tints of autumn leaves. Nature has been closely copied. Some of them are so light as to be almost drab, and the newest are called Furet, Montarde, bran, beaver, tabac, Bedouin, Marrion, Sagonte, Medicis, Automne and Maryland.

There are some beautiful shades neither heliotrope nor prune, but between them, called bascche, Page B, Bilboa, Page A, Ortrude and Trefle, besides Canadien and prunelle. These shades are most pleasing to the eye, and are seen in wool, silk and velutina. In reds there are cardinal in three shades, ruby, Eiffel, canelle and terra cotta.

Plaids are shown in great variety, the tartan class plaids being the favorite. These with the brightest colors will be relegated mostly to children, while the large plaids and more subdued tints will be worn by their elders. Plaid velvets and silks have been on the market for the last three years, but there was little or no demand for them, but this season they are to be forced forward whether they are wanted or not. Cut on the bias in stripes of four to six inches wide, plaid velvet makes a handsome trimming for children's dresses, and even would answer for older persons.

GRAY VELUTINA COSTUME.

An exquisite tea gown is of China silk, cream ground, with pink hollyhocks and leaves. The back hangs from the yoke in a Watteau plait. The yoke is embroidered delicately in pink and old sage green; the collars and cuffs the same. The front, yoke and sleeves are white crepe de chine. The bow and ends are of rosada velvet ribbon.

Another dainty gown for a young lady is of Ortrude faille Francaise, the front princess and draped across to the left, where it closes under a bow and falling loop of mustard colored ribbon. A belt of the same and small bows complete the trimming. Hat of made felt, with crown of mustard velvet and cardinal bow and prince's feathers, complete a costume any young lady might delight in.

Another new fall gown shown by a leading house is a model of grace and elegance. It is of Kremlin gray velutina. The skirt and waist are separate. The skirt is very slightly draped on the left side and closes there with buttons. There is a full rose plaiting of satin ribbon to match the shade around the button of the front. The forearm has embossed velvet, green and old rose, and the corsage has a half jacket simulated under a rose plaiting of the velvet, and a row of this goes around the arms also. Bonnet of Bilboa velvet, with yellow velvet pansies. The outline beside the illustration shows the arrangement of the back.

In materials I think the Toile du Nord will be a great favorite in wools, as it is light, flexible and very rich in appearance—in fact it looks richer and more sumptuous than corded velvet. It is warm and soft to the touch, and several gowns that I have seen of it weigh scarcely anything in comparison with some other less handsome materials.

Crepon will doubtless be the favorite for pretty indoor dresses, though many will also be worn in the street and for carriage. Faille and the corded silks will have the prominent place for those goods, the surahs and such like being more for warm weather, but the silks are not quite out yet, and so will be mentioned later. Velutina in all the new colors will be worn more than ever this fall and winter, both corded and plain.

Odds and Ends.

A FEW RECIPES FOR POTATOES.

Savory Potatoes.—Boil the potatoes in their jackets for ten minutes, put them into cold water, strip off the skins, place them in a stewpan containing enough water to prevent their burning, cover closely until the potatoes are quite done; put them in a hot dish, and pour over them some black butter. Garnish with skinned shrimps.

Potato Ragout.—Boil some potatoes as before, cut them into slices a quarter of an inch thick. Place 2oz. or 3oz. of butter in a clean saucepan, dredge into it a dessertspoonful of flour, hold the pan over the fire for three minutes, shaking it continually; add slowly a gill of boiling water, a dash of pepper, and a tablespoonful of finely minced parsley. In this lay the potatoes, toss them gently, again set them over the fire until thoroughly heated and till the sauce is thick enough to adhere to them. Just before serving, squeeze over them the juice of a lemon.

Grilled Potatoes.—Well wash, and parboil 1 lb. of potatoes in their jackets, drain them on a cloth, well butter the skins, and place them on a gridiron over a slow, clear fire. When thoroughly done lay them in a napkin placed in a tureen, and send to table quite hot.

Potato Mould.—Mash 1 lb. of well-boiled potatoes with the same quantity of boiled carrots passed through a fine wire sieve, mix all well together with warm milk and a lump of butter; placed in a buttered mould, and set in a hot oven for ten minutes, turn out on to a hot dish, and grate over this some good, pungent cheese, pass a salamander over it until brown. Garnish alternately with the whites and yolks of two hard-boiled eggs—the former chopped small, and the latter passed through a potato masher.

New Potatoes.—New potatoes should be boiled in their jackets, skinned while hot, and put at once into a warm cloth. Serve them on a hot vegetable dish in which a lump of butter has been melted. Sprinkle over them some finely minced parsley, a dash of pepper, and some salt.

Potato Scallops.—Wash, peel, and boil 1 lb. of potatoes. When quite cooked, strain and pound them in a mortar, with a tablespoonful of cream, a lump of butter the size of an egg, a pinch of salt, a dash of nutmeg, and cayenne. Put this mixture into six clean buttered scallop shells, score it with a knife, brush over with the beaten yolk of an egg, and scatter small pieces of butter on each scallop; set the shells in a Dutch oven before the fire. When of a bright brown, take them up, and serve on a dish with an ornamental paper; garnished with chervil. This makes a pretty supper dish.

Potato Balls.—Prepare the potatoes as for scallops, form them into balls with a little flour, dip them in clarified fat. Butter as many tomatoes as there are balls, arrange them alternately with the potatoes in a greased tin, and bake in a hot oven till the tomatoes are cooked. Serve with pickled walnuts.

Potato Chips.—Wash and peel 1lb. of potatoes, dry, and cut them into thin slices; fry in butter till of a fine golden-brown. Drain and arrange on a hot dish, slice upon slice; dust over them a little cayenne and a teaspoonful of finely chopped chervil or mint.

Kidneys in Potatoes.—Parboil 1lb. of uniform-sized and shaped potatoes; drain them, remove the top from each, and a little of the inside. In this crevice set a skinned lamb's kidneys, a small lump of butter, and some pepper; replace the top, fixing it with two fine skewers. Brush over the potatoes a little hot butter, set them in a quick oven till quite brown; then remove the skewers. Send to table without gravy, garnished with tufts of parsley.

Potato Pudding.—Boil ½lb. of potatoes till quite soft, skin them, and mash with the back of a spoon. Rub them through a fine wire sieve, add ½lb. of fresh butter melted, the same quantity of caster sugar, and four well-beaten eggs. Mix all well together with a glass of red Canary sack, place the mixture in a well-buttered mould, tie a wet cloth over it, and boil for thirty minutes; then turn out carefully, and cover with the following sauce: A tablespoonful of red currant jelly, one of port wine, and the same of hot butter, thoroughly heated in a small enamel saucepan. Mounds of red currant jam should be arranged around the dish.

Potato Pie.—Dress the potatoes in way described above, mix with them half a pint of Madeira, stir in a dozen roasted and skinned chestnuts, a tablespoonful of rose or orange water, a dust of ginger, and half a grated nutmeg; stir all well together, adding a small jugful of cream. Have ready a pie dish lined with good puff paste; into this pour the mixture, and bake it in a quick oven till of a golden-brown color. Before sending to table, stick it with some split blanched almonds that have been steeped in sherry for twelve hours.

Potato Cheese Cakes.—Beat in a mortar 3oz. of lemon juice with double the quantity of caster sugar; to this add ½lb. of mealy potatoes, boiled and mashed. Again beat it up, adding 6oz. of butter melted to a cream, and 3oz. of washed and dried currants. Line some patty pans with good puff paste, half fill them with the mixture, dust over them a little caster sugar, and bake in a quick oven for half an hour.

Potato Rolls for the Nursery.—Bruise 1lb. of well-boiled mealy potatoes, add ½ oz. of butter and half a pint of new milk; work all well together, pass the mixture through a colander. Take a gill of warm water, the same quantity of barm, and a pinch of salt, mix this and 1½lb. of dry biscuit flour with the potatoes; if it should then be too stiff, add a little more milk. Knead well, cover, and set before the fire for half an hour to rise. Break the dough into small pieces, form it into rolls, let them remain on the tin for a few minutes, then set in a quick oven and bake for half an hour.

PROGRESSIVE MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD.—There are men and women who seem to be, in their minds and hearts, more like the manufactured article than living personalities. Circumstances, training, and other influences have brought them to their present status, and there seems to be no inward vitality to carry them higher. They have been moulded into certain shapes, and they merely retain the form. Or, if they undergo changes, it is the result of external pressure, not of inward vitality. Now it matters little how far such people have been carried, nor the precise position they occupy mentally or morally. They may be compendiums of knowledge or patterns of propriety, yet, if they are not alive and growing, they lack the distinguishing feature of manhood and womanhood.

THE IGNORANCE OF WISDOM.—Vegetables and zoophytes (or the lowest order of animals) are subject to few diseases, and those mostly the results of accidental violence; while the higher orders of animals become subjected to malady in proportion as the character of their animality is exalted, and the physical more subjected to the moral being. The sensual gratification of appetite is usually characterized as brutal, a most unjust libel on the subject of comparison. Inordinate gratifications of sense are the fatal prerogatives of reason, and the further an animal is removed from the human organization, the purer are its habits and the more healthy its life.